

Jun 26 '51

# THE MONTH

JUNE 1951

**NEWMAN'S UNIVERSITY**

HARMAN GRISEWOOD

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S. TYSZKIEWICZ

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# NEWMAN'S UNIVERSITY

By

HARMAN GRISEWOOD

“**W**HAT THEN DOES DR. NEWMAN MEAN?” The suspicious complaining title might well introduce much more than Kingsley's forgotten pamphlet. Newman was harassed for most of his active life by men who feared his ability whilst they admired it and who questioned his motives in private whilst they congratulated him to his face. There is not much that unites such diverse personalities as Manning, Kingsley and Dr. MacHale; yet they would all draw together in finding fault with a certain quality in Newman's mind. A poetic imagination added to great power in argument, a well-ordered erudition, and above all an insistent claim for a certain autonomy of the mind—these are qualities which in combination often evoke the antagonism that is hardest to endure for it is expressed in suspicion rather than in attack. G. M. Young, writing of the discourses delivered at Dublin to inaugurate the Catholic university in 1852, describes Newman as “pleading his right to be heard.” Dr. McGrath has written a book<sup>1</sup> to illuminate the circumstances in which that right was questioned and the course of events which resulted from giving Newman a hearing. It is a scholarly chronicle of great value to those who have been interested enough by the celebrated exposition of Newman's ideas to enquire what took place during his rectorship, and to what extent these ideas were put into practice; and, for those who know little of Newman, it is a record that cannot fail to interest anyone who cares to observe how a man of fine intellect and high aims contends with the adversities of public affairs. Dr. McGrath tells his tale with a historian's detachment worthy of the tribute to Sir Maurice Powicke which concludes the foreword. He provides much for those who may have been dissatisfied with Ward's account and whose appetite was whetted by such studies

<sup>1</sup> *Newman's University: Idea and Reality*, by Fergal McGrath, S.J. (Longmans 30s).

as those by Tierney or Tardivel; and yet the book affords on its completion a sense of disappointment to the reader. On reflection, he is likely to conclude that this impression is not the fault of the author. It is, perhaps, due to the fact that he has exposed so much of human interest in his dispassionate narrative that we are led to want something else in addition written more from the standpoint of human feeling. The material in one aspect is more epic than archival; where the historian leaves off the poet should begin. Nor is this reflection mere fantasy. It is the archetypal significance of these figures that moves the mind. It is the poetic insight of Browning's *Ring and the Book*, or of Cervantes' masterpiece that is required to do justice to the *dramatis personae* assembled in Dr. McGrath's narrative. The interest aroused by the contact of Newman with the leading figures—Pius IX, Ambrose St. John, Dr. Cullen, Dr. MacHale and Wiseman, along with the young man in a spencer jacket—deserves the setting of literature and indeed requires it. The story transcends history because the essence of the situation recurs, as Newman's own anxieties recur, with consequences that are not only personal to those who took part in the events but to all who read of them with understanding and sympathy. There is something of fundamental importance in the statement of Newman's ideas about education which all have felt. Dr. McGrath has shown there is something no less fundamental in the circumstances and events in which those ideas were exercised, and in the difficulties that Newman failed to overcome. That, too, has a classic quality. If Tennyson could be moved by the activities of Miss Buss and Miss Beale to the lyric beauties of *The Princess*, it is not fancy to suppose that a poet of equal power could take fire from Newman's soliloquies and Dr. Cullen's silences.

From this standpoint of literature, though from no other, it was a happy thought to set Dr. Newman down in Ireland. Here were circumstances that would be sure to bring about that degree of tension which high drama requires and which would extend fully all Newman's powers of intellect and character. What Newman cared for was an institution devoted to the cultivation of the intellect. He knew pretty well what he was up against, but it may be doubted whether the Irish bishops knew what they were up against. They were contending against the great European tradition, the tradition of such foundations as Bologna,

Paris or Oxford, and yet they were contending too for the advantages of this tradition. Dr. Cullen at any rate with part of his complex mind wanted for Ireland a university on Newman's model. But he was not prepared to sacrifice for it certain purely local preoccupations. It is clear from the book that it was not so much Newman who failed, but the Irish bishops who failed him. One of the most interesting discoveries in the book is Newman's administrative ability. From what had been already published the imagination was led to picture an unpractical scholar and poet easily outwitted by the attempt to grapple with business affairs, but this picture must be set aside after perusal of *Newman's University*. No fault can be found with Newman's capability in business matters though he was not always adroit in the execution of his own plans. His failure was not an administrative one. The fact is that he was defeated by the Irish environment. In this main conclusion Dr. McGrath does not reverse the judgment of previous writers such as Ward or Strachey. Newman was defeated as Gladstone or Balfour were defeated and as all the political minds of the then most politically astute country were defeated in attempting to settle Irish Difficulties on a basis of compromise. It was not merely that the ideas of Oriel could not be domesticated at St. Stephen's Green, it was not merely that national feeling was strong, it was that Newman wished to establish a *studium generale* on the European scale, and the bishops failed to understand what this establishment involved. They could have been coerced by the Pope; but the Pope stopped short of coercion. The university could have been forced upon them by the English and Irish gentry acting together. But the gentry were lukewarm. Ireland was on the periphery of Europe and Newman was at its centre.

The distinguishing character of the old universities was the *jus ubique docendi*, but Ireland cared for the localization of knowledge; *ubique* meant nothing to her. We could have wished that Dr. McGrath provided some larger setting for his story than the strict confines of his subject suggests, for it is indeed a great episode in the stormy life of intellectual Europe, where the antagonism has always been between political and ecclesiastical authority on the one hand and the freedom of the intellect on the other. It is significant that the European universities arose first of all in independence from authority. It was after their establishment, it seems, that these foundations were endorsed by papal

or imperial sanction, and it is this sequence of events that secured for them a degree of independence which could hardly have arisen in any other way.

From the start, Dr. McGrath allows us to see, Newman was placed in an impossible position. He interpreted the papal intention as being to establish a university for the whole English-speaking world. This intention gave rise to difficulties that were peculiar to the Irish scene; with these Newman felt he had no direct concern. It is a mistake to believe that he was ignorant of them. The correspondence and memoranda show that he understood them very well. But he refused to take part, he refused to be a partisan. It is a mistake too to conclude, as some have done, that the bishops were in private against the scheme that Newman had so eloquently described. His discourses had met with a large measure of genuine welcome. And we may believe Dr. McGrath's interpretation that despite the Archbishop's hesitant and sometimes contradictory behaviour, to a large extent Dr. Cullen was seriously in support not only of the university but also of Newman's rectorship. But the feuds of Irish politics and the personal feud with the Archbishop of Tuam loomed even larger than the prospect that Newman offered. And in the end Newman was sacrificed to what proved irresistible. The attractions of the feud were stronger than those desires of the spirit that Newman so consistently upheld. In a characteristic letter from Manning to whom Newman had written for advice there occurs the following passage:

Lastly I add what has always been in my mind. If you should find the national element in Ireland insuperable, would it not be well to re-consider the site of the University? All your arguments of centrality would apply to the West coast of England as much as to the East coast of Ireland. From the first, I had rather acquiesced than assented to the present site, except as a balance to the Queen's College. In the sense of your paper on Attica in the 2nd or 3rd University Gazette, England is even more central to the Anglo-Saxon race than Ireland.<sup>1</sup>

But Newman for once was more papal than Manning. The Pope had indicated his wish that the university should be established in Dublin and whatever the difficulties Newman would

<sup>1</sup> *Newman's University*, p. 355: letter to Newman, April 12, 1855.



try his best to overcome them. But he would not give up Birmingham. This was not in the bargain. Birmingham was his home and he had made this plain to Dr. Cullen at the beginning. But plain language was not Dr. Cullen's strong suit. Part of Newman's resentment was that the bishops demanded a rector who would make the university his home and yet they did not disclose this as a condition until the end of his term. Too much has been made by other writers of Newman's resignation. But from this book we learn there was in fact nothing unexpected about it. Newman had made clear that at best and if all went well he would stay only to see the scheme soundly launched. He announced the time he would be likely to be able to give to founding the university and in fact he rather exceeded his time than shortened it. It is true that he might have stayed longer had he received that support that he was entitled to expect, not only from Ireland but from Rome and England. Each of these sources failed him. He threw up his post only when it was clear that by continuing it he could no longer hope to bring into being the kind of university which he felt to be needed and which he thought was in the mind of Pio Nono, and in the minds of those who invited him to Dublin. His mood towards the end is well indicated by his letter to Ambrose St. John:

I go to Rome to be snubbed. I come to Dublin to be repelled by Dr. MacHale and worn away by Dr. Cullen. The Cardinal taunts me with his dedications, and Fr. Faber insults me with his letters. What enormous irritation must old Job have felt when his friends came and prosed to him! And then there is old Talbot with his platitudes, and Fr. Dalgairns scouting my distinct request and going on corresponding with our Fathers. Dr. Whitty talks of my being sent for to Rome to advise them about the University. Catch me going, except under a *sacratissimum praeceptum*.<sup>1</sup>

One of the delights of the book are these spirited letters to Fr. St. John that show the discouragement of the Irish clergy left his most intimate self buoyant and smiling.

Strachey explains the failure of Newman's University in the phrase: "He was a thoroughbred harnessed to a fourwheeled cab, and he knew it." There is much to correct in the picture suggested by this entertaining and characteristic sentence. Dr.

<sup>1</sup> *Newman's University*, p. 424: letter to Ambrose St. John, October 30, 1856.



McGrath's study provides the material with which to make the correction. The element of truth in Strachey's words is that there was indeed an incompatibility between Newman's idea and the capacities of the bishops to carry it out. But the university did not fail because it was a ramshackle affair; nor did Newman fail as a rector because he was too fine for what would have suited a coarser man. The situation is much more complex and interesting than this. In a word, the university failed because a university is a cultural event; it is an institution in a context; and it cannot be much better than the culture in which it is set. Thus it is that Newman's withdrawal and its circumstances have an importance for all those who want to study the impact of institutional learning upon a culture and upon the society that grows within it.

The position of education at the present day, not only in universities but in schools, is threatened once more by the successors of imperial power. The question that those who care for education are asking is how the autonomy of the intellect can survive the pressure of the State and the power that arises from financial grants. Any story therefore must be of value that illuminates the attempt to escape from those who would confine education within limits of expedience and would define it by aims that represent achievements in particular fields of applied knowledge, however noble these aims may be. "The man who has been trained to think on one subject only will never be a good judge even in that one. . . . Not to know the relative disposition of things is the state of slaves or of children."<sup>1</sup> When all is said and done, it is the voices of those who stand in opposition to this enslavement which will afford us some hope for the future, and among these voices Newman is supreme in the English language.

<sup>1</sup> Discourse V, *The Idea of a University*.

# WENCESLAS IVANOV

## MYSTIC AND THEOLOGIAN

1866—1949

By

S. TYSZKIEWICZ

**W**ENCESLAS IVANOV was born at Moscow on February 28, 1866. He was brought up as a good Christian by his mother, a deeply religious woman. His father died when Wenceslas was only five, and he became devoted to his mother. Mother and son faithfully practised the Greek Orthodox religion; they went to church together and every day read a chapter from the Gospels and another from the Epistles. They recited the "acathist"<sup>1</sup> to Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or their guardian angels. Wenceslas knew by heart many prayers from the liturgy, "troparions" and "canons"; these proved useful later when he taught the old Slav language, and, more important, they helped him to understand the spirit of Eastern Christendom. He became so devoted to his religion that from the age of ten to twelve he often got out of bed in the middle of the night to pray before an old icon of the Virgin by the glimmering light of an oil lamp, a "lampadka," bruising his forehead with his continual prostrations.

When he was fifteen or sixteen, he underwent a crisis. He lost his religious fervour and became a sceptic and "revolutionary": at school his religion, in which he had no thorough instruction, gave way under the pressure of rationalism. The crisis was dangerous and painful: he even tried to commit suicide. But the picture of Christ Our Redeemer remained deeply engraved in his memory; after four or five years of darkness, religion, at first very vague and indefinite, got the better of atheism. He grew interested in mysticism and became an admirer

<sup>1</sup> A hymn in the Greek liturgy, celebrating the mystery of the Incarnation. It was sung standing up, whence its name (*ἀ-καθίζουμαι*).

of Khomiakov, the famous Russian anti-Catholic theologian; he read his attacks on Rome with enthusiasm.

Soon afterwards, he became a friend of Vladimir Soloviev, whom he recognized as a Slavophil, and whose ideas were later to play a considerable part in his religious development. After two years' study at Moscow, Ivanov went abroad; for many years he lived almost continuously outside Russia: in Berlin, London, Paris, and in various Italian cities; he also travelled widely in Greece, Egypt and Palestine. He made a thorough study of Nietzsche and was for long a disciple of Mommsen. Philosophy, archaeology, philology, poetry: these interested him most in his search for universalism. Gradually his genius found expression: he became known as an original though sometimes obscure poet, an expert in ancient history and a brilliant philosopher.

From 1905 Ivanov lived for the most part in Russia, first at St. Petersburg, later at Moscow, where he was the centre of a group of leading Russian intellectuals: Berdiaiev, Boulgakov, Ern, E. Troubetskoï, Florensky, the poets Balmont, Block and others. The élite used to gather every Wednesday in his rooms at St. Petersburg. According to Berdiaiev, a competent judge, he became "perhaps the most sensitive and widely educated representative not only of Russian culture at the beginning of the twentieth century, but of all Russian civilization."

After the revolution, Ivanov taught for some time at Baku; then, in 1924, he left for Italy which he loved so much, remaining there until his death on July 16, 1949.

The Russian critic A. Zakrjevsky has written of Ivanov in these words:

He was the first person to captivate our ears with the mysterious music of ancient Greece; Dionysus was reborn in him and sang a long-forgotten song. . . . In Wenceslas Ivanov we discover a combination of Christian mysticism and pagan religion, spellbinding in its harmony and beauty; he loved Christ, but felt a passion for Dionysus. . . . In his religion Wenceslas Ivanov is sometimes pantheist, sometimes Christian, sometimes pagan.

Recently another critic, George Ivanov, has accused him of having invented Russian symbolism and thus created "a new religion." N. Arséniev is even more critical. While admitting

that Wenceslas Ivanov is "an amazingly brilliant man," he agrees with Prince D. Mirsky that Ivanov's religion was "essentially syncretic and united all the religions of the world. The identification of Christ and Dionysus was one of his characteristic doctrines. He identified and united everything: Christianity and paganism; holiness and Satanic pride; ascetic purity and sexual ecstasy. . . . He was a sophist, not a prophet."

All these charges, and others like them, mostly dictated by misunderstanding, are not difficult to answer. It is only right that they should be refuted by those who witnessed the final stage in Ivanov's religious development.

It is true that Ivanov's life was marked by turmoil, crises, unfortunate confusions over doctrine, an excessive admiration for pagan antiquity and bursts of enthusiasm for unwholesome teaching. As a leading intellectual, he was forced to explore the darker trends of modern thought, its hatred of religion, lack of direction and proud claim that God was dead; as founder of the "Russian renaissance" he was bound to fall under pernicious influences; it would have been almost a miracle had he not done so. What makes Wenceslas Ivanov so significant a figure for religion is the fact that though he was inevitably caught up in this chaos of mistaken ideas and contradictory philosophies, without a spiritual director to guide him, he nevertheless succeeded relatively soon in rising above his evil surroundings and even in turning them to advantage. His religious progress was painful; he slipped back, wandered far off the beaten path, and took false steps which nearly proved fatal. Like Dostoievsky, whom he greatly admired, Ivanov tried to bring good and evil closer together in a way that was sometimes bewildering; but, like the novelist, he remained devoted to the "lik," the image and face of Christ, and this devotion helped him to resolve his dilemmas. His genius lay in being able to extricate the elements of truth in pagan philosophy, both ancient and modern. Christ's enemies, such as Nietzsche, gave him a better understanding of Christ. Mommsen helped him to find the Catholic Church; while his studies of pagan Greece led him to seek a universal religion. Dostoievsky, an ardent opponent of the papacy, contributed much to making Ivanov a convinced "papist."

From Nietzsche Ivanov drew his great interest in Dionysus. Under the influence of this pagan god Nietzsche buried himself

deeper in his own paganism, but for Ivanov Dionysus was the symbol of expiatory suffering, sacrifice and death followed by resurrection. He saw in him the symbol of Our Saviour. He was always pleased to discover in the heart of Greek mythology elements which heralded Christianity.

It is untrue to say that Wenceslas Ivanov identified Christ with Dionysus: perhaps certain liberties he took as a poet have given grounds for such a charge; but it is none the less quite false. Ivanov's philosophy is thoroughly dynamic; it consists essentially in distinguishing the image from the object, the symbol from what is symbolized, the *realia* from the *realiora* and the *realiora* from the *realissimum*. His symbolism, which has affinities with the scholastics' *analogia entis*—so unfamiliar to modern theologians of the Eastern Churches—was a solid defence against pantheism and other heresies, and it was, moreover, deeply rooted in Scripture. Ivanov saw in the Greek Eros an image of God's love; perhaps such symbolism may seem a little far-fetched to us, but it accorded well with the literary taste of the time.

It would, however, be unjust to call Ivanov's religious views, in their various stages, scandalous and blasphemous. We have only to think of the *Song of Songs* and the commentaries written by saints and Fathers of the Church, where so much stress is sometimes laid on the symbolism of Scripture that the literal meaning seems to suffer. The teaching of Jesus Christ is itself full of parables, comparisons and symbols taken from everyday life. When the "lord" praises the unjust "steward" (Luke 16: 1-9), he is clearly not sanctioning his injustice, but pointing out the trouble we must take to find suitable means of reaching our goal, which is holiness. The serpent is a repulsive animal, "more subtle than any of the beasts of the earth"; he is "cursed" (Gen. 3: 1, 14); nevertheless, the brazen serpent of Moses was a symbol: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up" (John 3: 14). In his symbolism Ivanov was also inspired by Dante, the Christian poet *par excellence*; can he be criticized for that? Fedor Stepun, an important Russian writer, has good reason for saying that Ivanov's symbolism "gives back to God the things of this world." Ivanov fashioned his religious symbolism because he saw in it a means of countering pagan or pantheist artistic symbolism; he believed—rightly, I think—that, in order to convert a man, we must speak the



language he understands best. It may be that his symbolism has little importance for art, that his philosophy is weak in certain respects or that it is indecorous to speak of a Greek god as a symbol of Our Lord; but I think this symbolism is essentially valid and should be welcomed, especially as a means of imparting Christian values to those who cannot be reached in any other way.

Is it true that Wenceslas Ivanov "started a new religion"? On his long, difficult path from one pole to the other, from Nietzsche to Catholicism, there were apparently moments, or rather periods, when his religious thought was about to be crystallized in a "new religion." But the memory of Christ, which was never effaced from his heart, even when he became an atheist, gave him strength to renounce this idea; choosing the good elements in different religions, he went forward towards the one true faith which Christ taught. After hesitations and delays, he continued his journey, always guided by the vision of Christ, distant but unfailing. In Ivanov's religion the only element that is really new, or rather, original and rare, is the road he followed to reach the truth: the quest for "symbols" of Christianity in classical antiquity and in works by pagan authors. The faith which Ivanov finally adopted and practised for the rest of his life is not a construct of his own imagination, but the one religion which actually or potentially contains the good elements of all religions, Christianity, the Church of the Incarnate Word.

As Ivanov drew nearer the Church he discussed his religious problems with men who did not share his beliefs; he respected their opinions and treated them with such marked generosity that sometimes he converted them.

In the summer of 1920 Ivanov was sharing the same room in Moscow with a Jewish scholar named Gerschenson, a complete sceptic in all religious matters. Their beds stood in opposite corners of the room. When one of them had an original idea, instead of talking about it, they carried on a correspondence on the subject. Some of these letters became the famous *Correspondence between Two Corners*, first published at St. Petersburg in 1921, and later translated into several different languages. Ivanov attempted to show Gerschenson the importance of religion. The following are passages from his letters, taken from the first Russian edition:

God not only has created me, but is creating me now and will continue to do so . . . God cannot abandon me as long as I do not abandon him.

Culture<sup>1</sup> is for me a hierarchy of loves. Around me there are so many people and things to which I long to devote myself: man and his machines, the great works he has accomplished, the dignity he has disgraced; it is pleasant to drown in that sea, to throw myself upon God.

A carping critic might construe the last passage as pantheist, but it seems to be simply a characteristic example of Ivanov's method: the ascent to God by means of symbols and expressions which betray the presence of the Divine in all things—by contemplating the material reflection of God's attributes. In the same letter Ivanov deduces from Goethe's aphorism "Stirb und werde" (die and become) the necessity of self-renunciation if we are to live a spiritual life.

Under no circumstances will the man who believes in God admit that his faith is simply part of his general culture. . . . For the faithful, faith is essentially distinct from culture. . . . Our spiritual freedom, that is to say, our very life, depends on our faith in the absolute which transcends all temporary values; to deny this is to become enslaved to civilization, to shut mankind up in himself. . . . If we live in God, then we no longer live entirely on the human plane, in a merely relative civilization, but to a certain extent transcend and become freed from the surrounding world. Life in God is truly life, that is to say, movement; it is a spiritual development, a heavenly stairway. . . . Without faith in God the human race will never again find its lost grandeur. It is useless to put off our old trappings; it is the old Adam that we must put off.

These passages suffice to show how unjust and narrow-minded are the critics who accuse Ivanov of having idolized pagan civilization.

The whole point of my writings is to show that there is a vertical line rising to God, which can start from any point in any civilization whatsoever, ancient or modern.

That is a fair description of Ivanov's own religious development: a series of movements towards God, starting from no

<sup>1</sup> *Koultoura*, from the German word *Kultur*.



matter where, from a gesture or aphorism of some philosopher or artist, perhaps an atheist, sometimes even a man steeped in vice. With the help of his symbolism Ivanov was able to find in evil the means of rising above it. At the end of the letter from which the last quotation is taken Ivanov speaks with touching pity of "our poor mutual friend, Leo Chestov," the agnostic, subjective philosopher.

When Gerschenson referred to the scene between Napoleon and his mother, Ivanov replied: "Not Bonaparte's mother before her son's throne, but Mary before the Cross—there you have a symbol of a human heart in the presence of the great truth which is universally valid." Without the Cross, there is no resurrection. Ivanov is optimistic about the future. He believes in the return of civilized man to God: "Civilization will be converted." Just as in the ocean "there are currents running beneath the surface," so in the world "there is an invisible movement carrying us towards the fount of life. Some day the great return will come, joyful and all-embracing."

One of Ivanov's most beautiful works is the *Letter to Alexander Pellegrini on the Docta pietas*, written in 1934 after his conversion to Catholicism. As against Pellegrini's narrow, self-centred humanism Ivanov expounds the depths and riches of the Christian humanism of the Incarnation. He compares this "treasure" with Gerschenson's "tabula rasa." He willingly admits that he is a "reactionary." He rejects the humanism put forward by the exponents of atheist evolution, by Rousseau and his disciples, and by "tragic Nietzsche," as well as all other humanisms without foundation. And he continues:

My confidence in man is based precisely on that faith which you consider the antithesis of freedom; the faith which places a free creature at the centre of creation, condemns and saves him, finds him fallen and raises him to heaven; the faith which sees itself reflected in the pure crystal of its teaching and is astonished by the abyss of light contained in itself; the Christian faith, which alone teaches me what man is, and, by revealing his weakness and his value, purifies and justifies my natural humanism, in all that concerns the dignity of man.

Ivanov will have nothing to do with the false humanism which turns man in on himself and trusts only to "man as he is in himself." "It is quite different from the humanism founded on

faith in God . . . faith calls man with St. Augustine's words: *transcende teipsum*. . . . The humanism which cuts man off from the supernatural life is false." He condemns free-thinking, the "so-called freedom to think . . . which, especially in our own days, makes a prisoner of man." Only faith can inspire the true freedom which gives birth to heroism. "It requires courage to leave the ship and walk on the waves," that is to say, to abandon naturalism. Humanism must not be dominated by the historical studies of free-thinkers. True humanism reaches its height in the pure, sinless and fully developed human nature of Christ: *Ecce homo*. Man only attains his proper worth when he acknowledges his dependence on God. By saying to God: "Thou art," man is best able to affirm his own existence and worth. Man must be truly free, and in order to attain his freedom, he must leave Plato's cave and give up "the luxurious desire to dabble in life which André Gide advocates." "The consequences of denying the supernatural life are disastrous for civilization; on the other hand, by accepting the supernatural as the source of our liberty and creative power, we benefit both ourselves and our civilization." Faith frees man from the determinism of a godless world; it gives him the means of creating values. The man who believes in God is best able to estimate the true worth of a civilization.

Ivanov's humanism is also revealed in his collection of poems entitled *Man*. These poems are sometimes difficult to understand, but many of them are very beautiful. "Creator of icons and yourself an icon, O man, you are my neighbour and I find you holy." The poet reproaches man for having killed God in himself by his "dark will." Man's great crime consists in the fact that, "God's own child, you were the first in the whole universe who refused to believe in God." Man can live only by saying to God: "Thou art." "Thou art the one who is! How insignificant I am! . . . Thou drawest nigh: like a speck of dust I will adhere to thy stick." "Man . . . There is only God and you, the two of you. You are created by your sole Creator. Before God's face you constitute the whole of heaven and earth."

How did Ivanov come to recognize the Catholic Church as the one true Church founded by Christ, towards whom the deep currents of his soul had been flowing for so long? No gesture was made from the Catholic side; no one went "fishing" for him.

Moreover, he was quite capable of resisting any attempts at conversion, to no matter what creed. Only one man had an important direct influence on Ivanov's attitude towards the various Churches: Vladimir Soloviev, towards whom Ivanov right up until the end of his life showed deep respect, love and gratitude. In Ivanov's spiritual struggle, Providence cast Soloviev for the role of counterbalancing, at least partially, the diametrically opposite influence of his other friends, and in particular of Dostoevsky, whose form of Christianity Ivanov greatly admired. Soloviev certainly helped him to solve the great problem of East and West. He also showed him, both by his example and his books, that in order to become a Catholic it was not only unnecessary to give up the wholesome elements contained in Eastern and, especially, Russian Christianity, but on the contrary it was essential to bring "Orthodoxy" to fulfilment in all its richness. It should be pointed out that Ivanov made his profession of the Catholic faith a full quarter of a century after Soloviev's death: he took the step only after long and careful study of his master's views.

The factor which chiefly predisposed Ivanov to enter the Catholic Church was his love of the universal, the harmonious synthesis of all partial truths, the fullness of God's kingdom. He has been criticized for professing too metaphysical and abstract a religion. Perhaps that is partially true of certain periods of his life, when he was still far from *Roma aeterna*. But it is not true of the last stages of his religious development: his religion was very concrete and in no sense limited by his philosophy; it was even very Christian; it was expressed in his faithful practice of the Gospel. The basic principles of his religion had for long been metaphysical, in the sense of "meta-local," or "meta-provincial." They were drawn from a consideration of order in the universe: God's goodness to all men, redemption extending to every country, race and age, the unique principle of supernatural life in which all men can share. Ivanov, of course, was well aware that truth, dogma and grace adapt themselves to the needs of different individuals, countries and ages, and cannot essentially be either Russian, Roman, Greek or English; they remain metaphysical, free from any particular characteristics. He understood that the structure of the one Church founded by Christ must also be unique, not patriarchal in one country and synodal in another.

While many other Russian philosophers, some of them Slavophiles, inspired by their national religion, were led to adopt a sterile abstract metaphysic, Ivanov took just the opposite course: on the basis of universal, abstract and metaphysical principles he joined the Universal Church and, within that framework, linked up with the good elements in the Russian orthodox religion which his mother and his wife, as well as Dostoievsky, Florensky and the Russian priest Vorobiev had taught him to love.

Ivanov passed much of his life in widely varied intellectual and artistic circles: none of his friends and acquaintances had the same background, education and ideals; in fact, he knew life from all angles. For this reason he naturally tended to look for those elements in the spiritual life which are held in common, the essential, eternal and unchanging elements, and to try and discover the roots of any genuine civilization. In this way he was led to the universal religion and the Church. His appreciation of early art, Dante and modern aesthetic movements made him ask: which is the religion, which is the Christian Church which inspires the noblest attempts to attain earthly beauty, symbol of the eternal beauty of God and the true religion?

Ivanov loved to discover reflections and symbols of the Truth in this world. Life is full of these holy hieroglyphics, which after long and patient effort he learnt to decipher. He was familiar with what Soloviev, Boulgakov and Florensky call *Sofia*, Wisdom (a concept which they sometimes gravely misunderstood): the reflection of God's wisdom in this world, the marvellous harmony of the calls God makes to man, spread throughout nature and art, calls to return to the one true universal religion.

Another factor in Ivanov's conversion to the Catholic Church was his profoundly religious humanism which, as we have seen in connection with his letters to Gerschenson, draws man back to the source of all being, God. Under the influence of Soloviev, Ivanov very soon recognized that the Church of the God-man, the body of the Incarnate Word, must herself be divine to the greatest extent possible for a body of men. The ideal sacrifice, expiatory suffering—a distant symbol of which Ivanov had formerly seen in the myth of Dionysus—God's Incarnation that man might be saved by a man and by human means: all these are fulfilled in the Church, which is both really divine and really human. In order to set man free from death's dominion, God

must die and therefore must possess a mortal body. Ivanov has expressed it in these words:

Of all religions, Christianity asserts most uncompromisingly that God became man, even to the extent of being buried deep in the earth: *Descendit et incarnatus est; et homo factus est; passus et sepultus est; et resurrexit et ascendit.*

Like Soloviev, Ivanov saw that the Eastern conception of the Church, in so far as it is opposed to Catholicism, is too greatly influenced by Plato and Plotinus. He declared that Eastern orthodoxy had overcome the temptation to Monophysitism in her doctrine of Christ's nature, but had fallen into that heresy in her conception of the nature of the Church. His love for the harmony of God's creation and still more of the Redemption led Ivanov to recognize the contrast between the rich humanism of Christ's person and actions, and the narrow humanism implicit in the Eastern conception of the Church: Byzantium was ceding to the State an increasingly large part of the Church's "humanity," her organization, her right to legislate in religious matters, the unity of her hierarchy. On the other hand, he considered that Catholicism, with her supranational, universal discipline, was faithful to the pattern of the Incarnation. Ivanov clearly understood that, in order to counteract the many dangerous currents of modern thought, especially materialism, the Church had to speak clearly and in a way that men could understand, in a human fashion; that she had to settle doubtful issues with authority, thus presupposing a human agency for her divine infallibility, and in this way prove herself a living, teaching Church. Ivanov drew the logical conclusion from these considerations and acted accordingly.

Finally, we must take into account the deep need which Ivanov felt for being truly "orthodox" as well as "universal." When he was living abroad, the memory of his saintly mother, whom he loved so much, reminded him of the splendours of the Byzantine liturgy and the pious observances he had practised as a child in "Holy Russia." His wife, Lidia, (née Zinovieva) was strictly "orthodox" and she too had a deep influence on him in this respect. Because he loved the Orthodox Church so much he was all the more conscious of its shortcomings and isolation. Like Soloviev, Ivanov understood that if Christianity was to be



completely orthodox, it was necessary to reinstate certain essential elements in the teaching of the Fathers, rejected or fallen into disuse after the Byzantine schism. He had clearly shown that humanism, turned in on itself, leads to self-destruction; now he understood that the great weakness of Orthodoxy is that it is isolated and broken up into national Churches. "I have always hated any form of separatist movement and schism: they are forms of spiritual suicide," he once told the present writer. When he had become a Catholic, he often said "Now I am fully orthodox; in the past I was breathing with only one lung." His life-long study of the Gospel and Church history showed him what course to take in order to "breathe with both lungs."

In addition, Wenceslas Ivanov, despite his universalism, or rather because of it, had strong feelings of Christian patriotism. He loved Russia, his own Russia, and through his personal life he made his country respected and loved. He believed that Russia, once brought back to the Catholic Church, "will declare her mind to the world." That belief was also helpful in his decision to make a serious study of the problem of the Church's universality.

On March 14, 1926, Wenceslas Ivanov presented to the Holy See his formal request to be received into the Catholic Church. In it he used the profession of the Catholic faith drawn up by Vladimir Soloviev:

As a member of the true and venerable Eastern or Greco-Russian orthodox Church which speaks neither through an anticanonical synod nor through State representatives but through the voice of its great Fathers and Doctors, I recognize as supreme judge in religious matters the one man who has been acknowledged as such by St. Irenaeus, St. Denis the Great, St. Athanasius, St. John Chrysostom . . . , etc., namely the apostle Peter, who lives on in his successors and who has heeded Our Lord's words: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church.—Confirm thy brethren.—Feed my sheep."

Here is Ivanov's description of the ceremony when he was received into the Catholic Church:

In the transept of St. Peter's I repeated (March 17, 1926) the *Credo*, followed by the words of adhesion, before the altar of my patron saint, beloved of all Slav people; on the nearby tomb of the

Prince of the Apostles the liturgy was recited in old Slav and I received Holy Communion under both forms according to the Greek rite. For the first time I felt orthodox in the full meaning of the word; I possessed in all its fullness the precious gift which had been mine since baptism, but which I had not fully enjoyed, knowing that I was separated from the other half of this living treasure-house of grace; I had been able to breathe with only one lung, like a consumptive. I was conscious of a hitherto unknown peace and freedom; I rejoiced at being in communion with countless saints, whose help and comfort I had for so long rejected; I felt satisfaction at having done my duty, both as an individual and as a Russian.

With his reputation as a great philosopher, Ivanov could have ended his days with wealth and honour, had he decided to forward the march of "progress" and atheist "culture." But he did not betray his ideals for a mess of pottage; he chose to live a retired life in straitened circumstances. From 1926 he was a practising Catholic, with no doubts about his religion. He had long outgrown Nietzsche, Mommsen and a host of others. His early "pagan" humanism was now nothing but an abandoned ruin. Ivanov continued his work in the fields of literature, philology, poetry and philosophy, a scholar whom famous men occasionally came to consult.

Ivanov spent the last years of his life quietly at Rome with his son and daughter in a simple apartment. From his desk he loved to look out at the dome of St. Peter's which, he said, "brought back a crowd of such pleasant memories." He gave lessons in Russian language and literature and old Slav grammar to a small group of seminarists from the Pontifical College (Russicum). At the express wish of Pius XI he taught at the Oriental Institute of Rome, while his health still permitted. With his wide knowledge of philology and history, he was able to give valuable help to those who were editing liturgical books of the Byzantine rite, works in the old Slav language and Catholic publications in Russian issued from Rome. He was entrusted with the work of compiling explanatory notes to the Catholic edition of the New Testament in Russian; when those who were revising the book asked him to make extensive changes, he consented with truly Christian humility. Moreover, when he treated of theological questions in his writings, he submitted his conclusions to a theologian for approval. He willingly gave his assistance—



proof-reading, translating difficult passages, and providing information of all kinds.

Ivanov had his enemies: some criticized his strict adherence to Christian truth; others, no less prejudiced, made just the opposite criticism: they called him a pagan. One day the present writer asked him whether he intended to reply to all these attacks; he answered: "If we pray, God will forgive them." He had many friends and admirers, but he never boasted of them or of the compliments they paid him.

Ivanov had no time for the affected sentiments of superficial "pious" books. He liked to go straight to the original sources, the New Testament, the psalms, the Fathers of the Church, the beautiful liturgical prayers of the Byzantine rite. He spent some months studying reflections on the spiritual life by early Eastern Christian ascetical writers. Following the Russian practice, he went to the sacraments several times a year, after long, careful preparation. The days on which he received Holy Communion—during his last years, it was given to him at home, for he could not go out—he considered as feast days, to be spent in prayer. During this last part of his life he was greatly devoted to the Holy Spirit, "the Spirit of truth and love," and filled with the hope of really seeing Christ, whom he, as few others have ever done, had foreseen in all things.

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# CITY OF EXILE

## A VIEW OF SALONIKA TO-DAY

By  
FRANK CAULDWELL

ONE'S FIRST IMPRESSION, as one drives into Salonika from the airport, is of an irresistible, if forlorn beauty, and somehow, through all the ugliness and wretchedness that follow, that note contrives to persist. It was already autumn when I arrived, and the light, golden and clear, was of a kind that I had only seen before in Scandinavia on evenings of high summer. There were dun-coloured hills with strange and, as it seemed, arbitrary streaks of shade on their flanks; glimpses of vast, reed-fringed sweeps of water; and, to right and left, white cart-tracks up which, distant yet miraculously exact, one would sometimes see a shepherd with his flock, a lurching wagon drawn by a single minute donkey, or an old woman, dressed all in black, with a sack on her shoulders or a bundle on her head. About all this there was a kind of visionary dreariness.

But already we had reached the outskirts of the town. First there were straggling houses which looked either like concrete pill-boxes, daubed with garish paint, or like the corrugated iron sheds which one sees in innumerable back-gardens in England for the housing of poultry. Then, more pretentious, we were driving between the once-elegant villas, built during the time of the town's prosperity, the years from 1900 to 1914, by rich merchants who had travelled in Europe. Than these decrepit villas nothing in Salonika is, fundamentally, more depressing. Each was once surrounded by its neat iron railings: but these now buckle inwards or outwards, lean twistedly towards each other, or show gaps stopped with rusty birds-nests of barbed wire. The gardens thus enclosed look as if they had been scratched over by generations of poultry. Yet this street, Queen Olga, is the smartest residential quarter of the town, and here are to be found most of the Consulates in vast houses, no less ugly but far less dilapidated and over-

crowded than their neighbours. The trams, archaic mustard-coloured boxes on wheels, hiss back and forth, from time to time colliding with a bus or nosing their way off their rails to knock down a pedestrian. Surprisingly few people are hurt in such accidents. Driving oneself, one can just coax a medium-sized vehicle between the swaying trams and the crowds that bulge off the pavements, but newcomers to the town usually lack the nerve to perform the feat. The whole road is in need of repair, and the absence of the bicycles, so prominent in all other Mediterranean countries, is due as much to the impossibility of riding them in comfort as to their expense and to the need to have a license. When it is dry dust whirls down this street at each gust of wind; when it is wet, the road itself becomes one vast gutter and the pavements dissolve in mud.

That would have been a depressing first evening if it had not been for a glimpse of the sea-front. I was to stay temporarily with the director of the organization for which I work and he, poor man, found himself in the position of having to make unending apologies to his guest. "If you want some water you have to turn the tap marked 'Warm': the other doesn't work." "I'm sorry about the light but if we put in a stronger bulb it fuses the whole system." "Can you manage with the same knife for your fruit? We took the house furnished but that's all they gave us, and our own stuff has still not arrived." What particularly depresses one in Salonika is that all the apparatus for civilized living—central heating, running hot and cold water, flush-closets—is there, but so rusty and outworn after years of neglect that it can seldom be coaxed to function.

Yet the sea-front, with its wide sweep of promenade, its loitering crowds, and *caïques* bobbing at anchor—this was then, as always, magical. Looking at the glittering waters, clasped between the even more brightly glittering arms of land, one could not remain home-sick: and ever since, when the persistent desolation of the place seems to strike with more force than usual, it is here that I wander.

Or else I go to the old Turkish quarter, undamaged by the great fire of 1917 which ate out the town's heart. There, on the hill behind the town, are still Turkish houses with protruding upper stories out of which, on a Sunday evening, old women can be seen peering from behind muslin blinds as though it were, even

now, forbidden to them to mix with the crowds below. One passes small mysterious gardens, glimpsed over walls, with shrubs in old kerosene tins and flowers in baked-bean tins, and sometimes a fountain—a lead pipe that trickles water into a stone basin that is usually shaped like a shell. In the evening Turkish music can be heard in the taverns, and young men with grave faces and clicking fingers perform intricately graceful dances together or alone. This is one of the poorest of the town's quarters and when a foreigner walks there it is not unusual for him to have shouted after him "Amerikano!" (for now all foreigners are Amerikanoi just as they were once all Franks), followed by a medley of derisive sounds among which, if one's ears are sharp, one will recognize the more common obscenities used by the British soldier. I have never much minded this kind of abuse, guessing it to be abstract, impersonal, and directed not so much at me as at the injustices of inadequate food, tattered clothing and the absence of work. Yet on the first occasion when I explored these alleys, my companion, a young French student, seemed to cower at each fresh outburst. Eventually, "Let them laugh!" he muttered in an access of fury. "It's we who'll have the last laugh. We shall leave this hole, and they'll stay here to rot for the rest of their lives." And of course he was right; though I should never have had either the courage or honesty to express the same sentiment. Nor, as it later proved, was my estimate of those jeers and obscenities wholly at fault: for, on another occasion, while taking a photograph from the top of a wall in this quarter, I slipped and hurt my ankle, and then nothing could be kinder than the way in which these once-abusive urchins helped me into a house, brought me a glass of cognac, and insisted on seeing me back to my flat.

The poverty of Salonika is terrible; and when I try to account for the mysterious languor of the spirit that sooner or later seems to inflict all foreigners who live here—a sense of hopelessness, of greyness, of the fundamental uselessness of all human effort—I decide that, in my case at least, it is more this poverty than intermittent illness or loneliness that serves to create such a mood. I remember that during the war a friend wrote to me from Bombay to say that the spectacle of thousands of hungry and sick people had reduced him to tears in a public street. At the time I thought that he was being affected, but now I know only too well what

he felt. There is, of course, misery enough in England, but it is a misery that conceals itself behind good warm clothes and solidly-built walls: whereas here the misery seems to thrust itself at you through every tatter and crack. True in Italy misery does the same thing; but there the climate seems to make a difference, however illusory, so that the urchins who squat on the sun-lit steps of Santa Croce in Florence seem to have no kinship with these urchins, bare feet swollen with chilblains and legs blue with cold, who patter after one through the rain whimpering and whining: "Johnny! Johnny!" Nor can one even console oneself as one does in the East, by telling oneself: "But these people are not as we are"—they are, one unconsciously implies, a wholly different species—for in Greece that pretence will not work. Even the most destitute of these vagrants have qualities which we of Western Europe lack, and their tragedy, for it is a tragedy, is of nobility degraded rather than of nobility that has yet to be achieved.

Nostalgia impregnates the air of this city of exile even more pervasively than the dust which one seems to swallow with each breath one draws. Sometimes the whole town appears to one as a kind of vast waiting-room where travellers pile up, layer upon layer, in expectation of trains that never come. There are Sephardim Jews, victims of the persecutions of Ferdinand and Isabella and later of Hitler, a pathetic but still proud minority who to this day speak a bastard Castilian and will not marry outside their community; there are Turks and Armenians and Greeks from Asia Minor who, like my maid Poppy, can tell their stories of that act of high statesmanship which made it possible for women and children to be butchered in their thousands at Smyrna; there are White Russians; and there are victims of an even more recent exodus, peasants from Bulgaria and Jugoslavia and Roumania, all waiting, all restless, all sure of a "return." So nothing is built to last, for their life here (as they are always telling one) is only for a few weeks, or a few months, or a few years. And this sense of camping-out seems even to have infected the indigenous population, who stay here only long enough to make sufficient money to emigrate to Athens. For like the Three Sisters pining for Moscow, every inhabitant of this place pines for Athens: there, they say, is music, there theatres, there art exhibitions, there a cultivated society. And they sigh: "*Salonika is Balkan!*"



The expressive epithet is flashed out at one. But the notion that by creating music, a theatre, art-exhibitions, a cultivated society here they might make Salonika a little less Balkan does not seem to have occurred to them.

Yet of their kindness and hospitality—that legendary Greek *φιλοξενία*—their wit, intelligence and courage under the most terrible of deprivations, no praise can be too high. There is, of course, corruption; in a region emancipated for less than fifty years from Turkish rule how could it be otherwise? In Floka, Salonika's smartest restaurant, you will see the "Marshall Millionaires," men with a taste for English tailoring and large cream-cakes, who have been able to make it appear that their wives buy their clothes in High Street, Kensington—Greek women must be the least elegant in Europe—by the appropriation or misuse of American or other relief funds. Scandals break periodically, and then for a moment there is a pause in the systematic salting-away of English gold pounds. But the corruption continues; and eventually the mayor of some small town in Macedonia can move on to Athens, send his son to the "English public-school" at Spetsai and his daughter to America, and, one supposes, live happily ever after.

I soon had my experience of Greek *φιλοξενία*, for the day after my arrival I motored with the director and another member of our organization to Kosanyi, a small town in Western Macedonia, where we were to interview a Greek whom we hoped to employ. We drove out through the Macedonian plain, a stretch of country which might have been created, in its vast despairing grandeur, in the imagination of Thomas Hardy. Everything seemed to be vaguely discoloured, as if the light, so clear on that drive from the aerodrome, had somehow become infected by the mud through which we splashed. We spoke little, for these limitless miles of flat, dun countryside oppressed each of us with the same melancholy. Then we began to climb up and up into the mountain-passes, and as the air became more chill, we pulled on overcoats and huddled deep into the upholstery of the car. The serpentine winding of the road with its abrupt falls on the left and on the right its jagged escarpments of rock, made me feel giddy and vaguely light-headed as if I had drunk too much. At the summit we clambered out and went into a tavern where "Ain't she sweet" was being played, faint and tinny, on a grammo-

phone that appeared to need continuous winding. We ate hunks of bread and *feta*, a sour sheep's cheese, washed down with gulps of *retsina*, and meanwhile we all stared, as if hypnotised, at the fluted horn of the gramophone. My companions, who knew the country, were displeased because we had been overcharged: but for me it was enchantment to sit in that pure, icy air, with the mountains about us and that taste of resinated wine harsh on the palate.

In Kosanyi we discovered that the Greek whom we had hoped to employ already had a job. We sat with him in a restaurant and ate a large, if somewhat gruesome, meal: the soup thick with grease and containing garlic, the meat tough and containing garlic, the salad brown and containing garlic. We had never for a moment supposed that our Greek was anything but our guest: he was obviously poor and it was we who had asked him to meet us. Yet when the time came for us to pay a not inconsiderable bill the waiter informed us that it had already been settled. We argued, but it was no use. We were foreigners, our friend was a Greek: this was his town, and his sense of honour would be outraged if we refused to accept his hospitality. So although he would not take our job we had to take that meal from him. Such things are forever happening in Greece.

There are of course defects in the Macedonian character, and the chief of these arise from the absence of three qualities which in our own civilization we have come to regard as important: reverence, nerves, style. During hundreds of years of persecution it would be strange if there had been time for these things to develop. As a result of the lack of reverence, the elderly, the famous and the well-to-do who resent being called "Love" or "Chum" on a London bus are here subjected to even grosser familiarities. As a result of the lack of nerves, one lives in an incessant and confused uproar—cars advertise patent medicines through loud speakers, sedate business men begin singing in chorus in public restaurants without being drunk, and maids in a block of flats all shout to each other simultaneously out of their separate kitchen windows. The lack of style is even more pervasive. Wives of even the richest business men dress, as I have already indicated, in clothes of an unparelled hideousness; except for peasant-weave and peasant-pottery, the ordinary bits and pieces one buys for a house are excruciatingly vulgar; and



any sense of the niceties of social intercourse, which one finds so acutely developed even among the poorest Italians, here does not exist. Even the wives of Generals, government officials, and university professors seem to be totally ignorant of the elaborate conventions which society in other countries has built, whether for good or ill, around all its actions. "Mr. Cauldwell, you must sit by Miss S.," one is told in a voice audible to the whole room including Miss S. herself, "No one has spoken to her all evening." . . . "Please do not stand there, Mr. Cauldwell. General G. is having a private conversation, and besides you are in the way of the servant." Or when one is entertaining oneself: "You must go to Alti to buy your olives. These are not good. How much did you pay for them? . . . There! You see! You have been cheated."

In Salonika there is a single park, thrown down like a dusty pocket-handkerchief between two grinding tram-lines. After six o'clock it becomes disreputable, the haunt of soldiers trying to pick up a girl or the price of a cinema ticket, and what must be the least attractive prostitutes in the whole of Europe. It is, I think, characteristic of this Macedonian lack of style, that whereas such women in every other town I have ever visited have made some attempt, however pathetic, to render themselves seductive, these girls dress exactly as any peasant in the country. They have black woollen stockings, which wrinkle over their knees, greasy pig-tails which, in moments of coyness, they tend to suck, and dusty black dresses. They do not use make-up, and their nails are usually grimed. There is a pathos about them that is almost unbearable.

The other most distinctive trait of the Macedonians, fostered by long years of plotting against Turkish rule, may at best be called independence and at worst sheer anarchy. The most generous and kind and honest of people in the private decencies of life, they seem almost completely to lack any social conscience. For example, two eminent American specialists on venereal diseases recently visited this country, and in the course of a farewell address one of them remarked that he had encountered among Greek specialists in these diseases an obstinate reluctance to acknowledge that penicillin is now far and away the most efficient remedy we possess. The following day I happened to be drinking with a party of medical students to whom I showed a report of this speech. They laughed at the ingenuousness, or

disingenuousness of the American's comment. Of course, they said, the specialists were reluctant to acknowledge the pre-eminence of penicillin, since by doing so they would be handing the majority of their patients over to the general practitioners. They then told me of one wily old party in Salonika who begins the "cure" of his patients by injecting them with wholly inadequate amounts of penicillin. Then, when the disease recurs, as it inevitably must, he announces that this is a particularly obstinate case, and starts a two-, three-, or four-year course of old-fashioned treatment. These boys, though agreeing that this was not really a satisfactory state of affairs, certainly did not share my indignation. After all, they pointed out, a doctor must earn his living, like any other man.

My maid, Poppy, seems to me to be a perfect example of the Macedonian character, although she was brought, as a child, from Smyrna. No sense of reverence will prevent her interrupting a dinner-party story told by some elderly and, for these parts, distinguished gentleman, if she feels he is talking nonsense. No sense of style will suggest to her how flowers should be placed in a vase or knives and forks on a table. No nerves will prevent her from having a tooth pulled out by her husband at home, or cutting the throat of a chicken on my balcony. Yet, again characteristic of the region, she is a woman of the utmost generosity, loyalty and courage. Her husband is a poor creature, in everything but his magnificent looks, and though he works intermittently, making dolls and then selling them at street corners, it is she who really supports the family, putting in eight hours a day at my flat and then going off to cope with her own household. When I pay her she takes the money straight to her husband; and when I gave her a small sum at Christmas in order to buy some shoes, her husband took it from her and to this day she still shuffles around in a pair of my old slippers. Yet her cheerfulness is unending, and even, at times, a little trying—erupting in wild, unintelligible jokes, horse-play with the maid from the flat below, and loud, not always explicable laughter at, for example, the spectacle of my shaving, breakfasting in my dressing gown or smoking a cigar.

When she came to me she brought a reference from the wife of a Regimental Sergeant-Major, and explained "Me know cook English. Fish, chips, tea." I hurriedly replied that if she could

cook good Greek she need not worry about cook English. But she has since proved that she is no cook in either sphere. Yet nothing would induce me to sack her.

Her mother and father were both killed at Smyrna, she had two brothers but they have died of tuberculosis, the scourge of these parts, and though she has taught herself to read, she has never been to school. Yet she has never once complained to me about the past tragedies or the present difficulties of her life. For like all the people of this region she is the possessor of tremendous stamina, vitality and pride. Such people lack refinement and, as the recent civil war showed, they are capable of abominable cruelties. Yet they have a zest for life which makes us English and Americans—forever complaining about the lack of water, the failure of our central heating, the dust, the flies, our exile from New York or London or Athens, our boredom, our loneliness, our illnesses—seem somehow feeble and anaemic creatures. As one sees them on a Sunday evening, wandering by the seashore, arguing interminably in their taverns over a single cup of coffee or a single glass of ouzo, or lying in the sunlight, doing nothing, seeing nothing, saying nothing, a sense of exasperation overcomes one. They have suffered terrible things at the hands of the Turks, the Serbs, the Bulgarians and the Germans; worse, they have suffered terrible things at each other's hands. Many are Communists whose fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, husbands, wives are herded in prison. Many fought the Communists and know what fate to expect if an invasion comes, as they all believe to be certain. Most are poor; most live in conditions of incredible squalor and crowding. Yet as they wander on this spring evening, is it an illusion that they all seem happy?

And in this town of exile why is one, oneself, incessantly unhappy? one asks.

Then one sits down to write this kind of article.

# GALILEO, DESCARTES AND METAPHYSICS

By

A. C. CROMBIE

IN MY PREVIOUS ARTICLE I discussed how the development of the experimental method from the thirteenth century made the separation of science from metaphysics a logical necessity. By the mid-seventeenth century Aristotelian metaphysics was in full retreat on the whole scientific front. A fifth column forming within the Aristotelian system and calling on Plato as its leader gradually broke up the old Aristotelian regiments. Just before their final defeat the supporters of the old system put up a last desperate resistance. This was especially noticeable among those whose humanism had given them too great a devotion to the ancient Greek texts, and among those who had too closely associated the old cosmology with theological doctrine. But the fifth column entered the minds even of these resisters. Soon every one was dancing in the streets to celebrate the mathematical revolution.

The heaviest artillery that breached the Aristotelian metaphysical stronghold was fired by Galileo. The Aristotelians had said that the earth could not be spinning on its axis because, if it were, a stone tossed into the air would be left behind. Every movement, they said, required a continuous efficient cause to keep it going and the stone would be detached from its mover. An answer to this had already been put forward in the fourteenth century, but Galileo went much further and ignored the question of efficient causation in Aristotle's sense altogether. Adopting a "nominalism" reminiscent of William of Ockham's, he said that words like "force" or "gravity" were simply names for certain observed regular sequences of fact. The first business of science was not to go looking for unfindable Aristotelian "substances" or "essences," but simply to establish these regularities as accurately as possible.

Galileo was like his predecessors from the thirteenth century in being very conscious of "methodological" problems, and he was particularly explicit about two things: first, about the place of experiments and observations in building up a system of theoretical explanations of given phenomena—the precise points in the investigation at which experiments were to be performed, the precise questions they were to be designed to answer; and secondly, about what he meant by an explanation, the point at which a question had been satisfactorily answered. He gave a very clear account of his method of procedure in his description of how he came to formulate the kinematic law of falling bodies, which is part of the foundations of seventeenth-century dynamics. He tried to arrange things so that he could study the phenomenon in question under simple and controlled experimental conditions, for example, in balls rolling down an inclined plane. He made a few preliminary experiments and an analysis of the mathematical relations obtaining between two factors only, space and time, excluding all the others. Then he tried to invent what he called a "hypothetical assumption," which was a mathematical theory relating these two factors, and from this theory he deduced consequences which could be tested experimentally. The test involved a series of measurements showing the concomitant variations in space travelled and time passed. If the consequences of his "hypothetical assumption" were verified he concluded that it was a true statement about the natural order; if not, he tried again till he invented a hypothesis that was verified.

One point of procedure that was involved in Galileo's methodology was of outstanding importance. It was perhaps the principal weapon of the scientific revolution. By abstracting from the inessentials of the situation—air-resistance, friction, and so on—and considering two factors, space and time, alone, he was able to use simple and manageable mathematical theories. The complicating factors could be brought in again later if need be. Moreover, these mathematical abstractions could involve things that never were seen on land or sea. Nobody has ever seen a perfectly spherical body rolling along a frictionless plane, or an isolated body sailing away at uniform speed in a straight line in empty, infinite, Euclidean space. Yet it was this second conception that brought in the notion of inertial motion and Newton's definition of force as that which alters the speed or direction of



such a motion. And from this conception of force were deduced all the verified terrestrial and celestial consequences expressed in Newtonian mechanics.

Galileo was quite conscious of what he was doing with his mathematical abstractions and he himself pointed out that they released science from the naïve empiricism that had constricted much of the work of his predecessors. In Day III of the *Two Principal Systems* he commends the adherents of the heliostatic theory who "with the sprightliness of their judgments offered such violence to their own senses, as that they have been able to prefer that which their reason dictated to them, to that which sensible experience represented most manifestly to the contrary." He went on: "I cannot find any bounds for my admiration, how that reason was able in Aristarchus and Copernicus, to commit such a rape upon the senses, to make herself mistress of their credulity."

But for all his perception and pugnacity it was not against the use of metaphysical conceptions as such in science that Galileo ranged his methodological guns. He did not regard his mathematical theories merely as convenient fictions for "saving the appearances"; they were statements about existence. He believed that there were other criteria for scientific truth besides experimental verification. Copernicus, he said, "very well understood that if one might save the celestial appearances with false assumptions in Nature, it might with much more ease be done with true assumptions." Behind this remark was the supposition that it was possible to discover the "actual" or "true" paths of the heavenly bodies through space. The same supposition lay behind Newton's conception of absolute space, and it would perhaps be asking too much to expect Galileo to have entertained doubts of which the full implications were realized only by Einstein. But Galileo did not doubt, and it was because both sides supposed that it was possible to be an "Astronomer Philosophical"—to discover the real structure of Nature by using some further criterion of truth beyond the experimental verification (and of course logical coherence) that "satisfied an Astronomer merely Arithmetical"—that he got into his metaphysical argument with the Pope. In practice, when forced to choose between two verified hypotheses, Galileo chose the simpler. His second criterion of truth was Ockham's razor turned into a statement about objective Nature.

It then became the same as one of Grosseteste's metaphysical assumptions: "Nature . . . doth not that by many things, which may be done by few."<sup>1</sup>

In fact, while he showed that the substances and causes of Aristotelian physics were out of place in science, Galileo slipped in another kind of substance in their place. He was still like the Aristotelians in seeing science as a means of discovering objectively real Nature; he differed only in his conception of the enduring substance underlying and causing phenomena. This he believed was something mathematical. Observable phenomena were the products of underlying mathematical structure. Similar forms of mathematical realism were held by many of Galileo's contemporaries in the early seventeenth century, for example by Kepler and Descartes. They all seem to have been under the metaphysical influence of Platonism. Galileo's own form of mathematical Platonism is very well expressed in this well-known passage from his book, *Il Saggiatore*:<sup>2</sup>

Philosophy is written in that vast book which stands forever open before our eyes, I mean the universe; but it cannot be read until we have learnt the language and become familiar with the characters in which it is written. It is written in mathematical language, and the letters are triangles, circles and other geometrical figures, without which means it is humanly impossible to comprehend a single word.

This mathematical realism was Galileo's and Descartes' attempt to satisfy the desire that has inspired the whole rationalist tradition of Western metaphysics since Plato, the desire for certain knowledge of reality. It was this desire which gave such supreme importance in the seventeenth century to "methodology." What was wanted was a method that would make it possible to discover real Nature behind the appearances and would guarantee the certainty of the result. Hence the emphasis on the experimental method, the mathematical method, and the numerous "methods" put forward by botanists and zoologists in search of a "natural" as opposed to an "artificial" system of classification of plants and animals. This desire among scientists for certain knowledge of Nature, together with the belief fostered by seventeenth-century mechanics that Nature had been discovered to be *really* mathematical, has produced most of the problems with which meta-

<sup>1</sup> Day II.

<sup>2</sup> Question 6.

physics, or rather pseudo-metaphysics, has troubled science since that time. These problems have arisen because questions legitimate in metaphysics (for example, how is certain knowledge of existence possible?) have still been thought legitimate in science.

First of all the belief, out of place in science though legitimate in metaphysics, that underlying phenomena there was a *substance*, and the consequent method of speaking of events in terms of attributes inhering in that substance, brought problems of its own even among those who did not go the whole way with Descartes in believing that the substance was geometrical extension. For example, Leibniz objected to Newton's law of gravitation because Newton could not show what gravity was. Newton's reply was his famous *hypotheses non finge*, by which he meant that he was not concerned, in that particular theory, with hypotheses about substance, with showing the physical *cause* of gravity, but simply with showing how the motions of the heavenly bodies could be mathematically correlated. Darwin was inspired by Newton's reply to make a similar retort to biologists who objected to his theory of natural selection because it did not show how life originated and was not, in a phrase used by one of them, a *vera causa*. In the seventeenth century, continental and English physicists were divided over the metaphysical question of action at a distance, to explain which Descartes postulated his particular form of space-filling ether. In the early nineteenth century this same question had an interesting effect on electrical theory, with the positions of the rival nationalities precisely reversed. On the continent, Coulomb put forward his inverse-square law of force between electrical charges. In England, Faraday, who disliked action at a distance, tried to explain the facts by lines or tubes of force extending through the intervening medium.

But the most important of the problems with which metaphysics has troubled science since the seventeenth century came from *mathematical realism*. If Nature was really and exclusively mathematical, then there was no place for minds and for "mental phenomena" like sensations and volitions. The totality of existence (or rather of created existence, as distinct from God) was divided sharply into two realms, an objective mathematical realm and a subjective mental realm. Galileo expressed this distinction very clearly when he said in *Il Saggiatore*<sup>1</sup> that "these tastes, odours,

<sup>1</sup> Question 48.

colours, etc., on the part of the object in which they seem to reside, are nothing more than pure names, and exist only in the sensitive being; so that if the latter were removed these qualities would themselves vanish . . . there exists nothing in external bodies for exciting in us tastes, odours and sounds but size, shape, quantity and slow or swift motion." Descartes built his whole metaphysics on this distinction, dividing created existence into two absolutely distinct substances, extended unthinking substance, and unextended thinking substance.

One obvious result of this metaphysics was Descartes' conception of a human being as a ghost in a machine, and the problems raised by this conception are still very much alive today. There is no doubt that the conception of the body as a machine had a good effect on physiology, that is, on the study of the "machine." There seems to be no very clear connection between the philosophical tenability of a theory and the benefits it may bring to science in the way of stimulation and suggestion. Descartes' theory encouraged physiologists to explain the workings of the human body, and of animals and plants, by means of the known science of mechanics and later by other branches of physics and chemistry as they became known. But the results of accepting Descartes' theory as the truth about Nature, of believing that the body literally *was* in some sense a machine, also began to make themselves felt from the beginning. Until the end of the eighteenth century a too literal belief in mechanical models—that the stomach was a retort, that muscles and tendons were wires passing over pulleys, that nerves were hollow tubes and the kidney a sieve—definitely inhibited chemical investigations of physiological processes. Another set of problems with which a metaphysical attitude, the belief that theories are statements about Nature, has vexed modern biology is that suggested by the words "mechanism and vitalism," "teleology," "organism."

These problems can be got round in biology by recognizing that concepts like "machine" and "organism" are no more than useful analogies. Their function is to suggest hypotheses, and the place of hypotheses in the logic of experimental science is quite clear. We know exactly how to use them and exactly what we mean when we say they explain the facts. The trouble comes when the analogy is taken as a literal statement about existence. This, I am sure, is why many biologists have such a strong

prejudice against "teleological explanations." They imagine that the use of such explanations in biology implies the actual *existence* of final causes. This is being unnecessarily metaphysical, and when biologists use "teleological explanations," as they nearly all have to from time to time, it would be very much less embarrassing if they gave up introducing them as really mechanisms in disguise, and realized that the whole party is for theories only.

It is easy enough, then, to see how in principle to treat Descartes' machine. A more difficult problem is what to do with the ghost. "How the purer Spirit is united to this Clod, is a knot too hard for fallen Humanity to untie." Some of Glanvill's contemporaries in the seventeenth century were quick to point out that Descartes' suggestion that the extended and the thinking substances made contact in the pineal gland in the brain was quite untenable because the two substances were by definition mutually exclusive. In their attempts to avoid the contradiction between Cartesian dualism and experience philosophers since that time have swung backwards and forwards between the extremes of exclusive preference for either the ghost or the machine. None of the positions taken has satisfied every one. To embrace the ghost leaves out all the problems that interest physiologists; the intermediate position of psycho-physical parallelism is contradicted by a factual lack of parallelism; to embrace the machine means that you have to use it to explain the ghost. This last position often appeals to biologists because, in terms of biology, it means going from the known to the unknown. But it is also quite untenable.

To explain the ghost by means of the machine means that we deduce mental events—sensations, volitions, reasonings, etc.—from a physiological theory, that is, a theory from which we can deduce also events in the machine—action-currents in nerves, changes in electrical potential in the brain, and so on. The argument usually takes one of two forms. The first is a refinement of the uncouth expression of the eighteenth-century French enlightenment: "consciousness is a secretion of the brain just as bile is a secretion of the liver." In the modern form of the argument, which some of our most eminent living physiologists are guilty of using, the physiologist begins, say, with a prick of the finger, which is followed by a current up the nerve leading to the brain, changes in the brain as a result of which the patient



becomes conscious of a sensation of pain, and finally a current down the nerve leading to the muscles of the arm, which then contract so that the finger is withdrawn. The fallacy is apparent as soon as we ask why the physiologist should have introduced the sensation. It is quite unnecessary to his physiological explanation of what he observes the patient do. He has, in fact, not explained the sensation by means of the machine at all. In the middle of his physiological argument he has simply made an aside in another language, out of respect no doubt for the fact that he knows he has sensations. This over, he returns to physiological language precisely at the point he left it—somewhere in the middle of the brain—and goes on talking about a nervous current going out to the muscle.

The second argument for explaining the ghost by means of the machine is that put forward by Hegel and popularized by Karl Marx. One of its attractions is that it seems to fit in with evolution. Roughly speaking, it asserts that in a series of substances of increasing complexity, given degrees of quantitative difference cause new qualitative differences to emerge. Thus, to take a particular stage in the vertebrate series, the anatomical and physiological differences between the brains of higher apes and man would be used to explain the emergence of "consciousness" in man. It hardly needs to be pointed out that this argument explains nothing, if by explanation is meant that a fact has been logically related to other facts with which it was previously unrelated. All that has been done is to take two known facts—that the brains of men differ from those of apes and that I am myself conscious—and assert, without giving any reason, that they are connected. Perhaps they are, but this argument does not tell us how.

The confusion comes, I think, from the belief that scientific languages are talking about Nature, about substances, and from the natural desire to avoid having two mutually exclusive substances like those represented by the ghost and the machine. But this belief is incompatible with the kind of question we ask in experimental science, and the confusion may be avoided if we grasp clearly what that question is and what the answer tells us.

Some understanding of these points was implied in the very act by which Grosseteste and his successors in the thirteenth century turned Greek metaphysics into modern science, but a clear understanding has come only as the contradictions produced

by the remains of that metaphysics in scientific language have been revealed by the later developments of science. As a result of these contradictions, science, still searching for certainty, began in the eighteenth century to reflex upon itself, to study its results rather as the products of a method than as discoveries about Nature. This opened up a new world. Locke had said that what we know is not objects in an external world but experience coming to us through our sense organs. Berkeley pointed out that the "primary qualities" or geometrical concepts in terms of which mathematical physics interpreted experience were no less mental than the "secondary qualities" like colours and odours, and that if either group of qualities had any claim to reality then both had equal claims. Hume, the eighteenth-century Ockham, said that there was nothing objective in causal necessity and that scientific laws stated simply observed sequences of fact. At the same time biologists like Buffon began to disbelieve in the possibility of discovering an objectively "natural" classification and to regard a species simply as a name shared by similar individuals, the product of a method of classifying. Finally, Kant pronounced that science read its laws not *in* Nature but *into* Nature.

Kant himself was the last great scientific rationalist. He believed that Euclid's propositions were explicit formulations of certain principles which the human mind necessarily had to employ in all the theories with which it attempted to organize its experience. The supreme example of this theory of science was the Newtonian system of physics. But at the end of the nineteenth century it was discovered that certain "appearances" could be "saved" only by abandoning some of the principles which physicists had derived from Newton, and by using some of the non-Euclidean geometries that had been developed earlier in the nineteenth century. From that time the belief has grown up among philosophers of science that in science the only "criteria of truth" are experimental verification and logical coherence, and that apart from these the choice of one theory rather than another is simply a matter of convenience or convention. Science is seen to be a structure of hypotheses within which the more particular bear to the more general the relation of necessary consequence, the establishing of that relation constituting an explanation. And it is seen that science need not go beyond the correlation of experience; the problem of causality belongs to metaphysics.

Moreover, as Grosseteste indicated in the thirteenth century, any particular scientific theory is "true" only in the sense that it is unfalsified over a given range of observations; its "truth" does not exclude the possibility that other possible theories might be "true" in the same sense. From this fact science derives one of its most essential characteristics, the power of growth.

Plainly if science is like this it can never either support or contradict the interpretations of experience that are written in another language or in a different mood. Sir Thomas Browne might have been spared his anguish as he watched the new mathematical method stretch its dragon wings across created reality and separate off from the interior world of the human spirit the mechanical world of physics, indifferent to man and alien to beauty, conscience and the love of God. Galileo need never have had his metaphysical difference with the Pope. Pious naturalists need never have exposed their arguments from the harmony of Nature to the wisdom of God to the cruel corollary that a lack of harmony must imply a commensurate lack of wisdom. Such linguistic hybrids as "evolutionary ethics" need never have been perpetrated. The recent cosmological theory of "continuous creation" need never have produced the popular confusion it seems to have done through the equivocal use of the word "creation." Plainly, if science is as I have suggested, it has nothing to say about ethics or aesthetics, about the existence of God or of miracles. And propositions from those quarters have nothing to do with science. Its questions are its own; it has neither metaphysical foundations nor implications; the light with which it illuminates our minds is as special as the light out of which Grosseteste believed that God had formed the world. And its power to illuminate depends precisely upon the practical recognition of that speciality.

## THE STUDY OF RECUSANT HISTORY

AT a moment when anyone who founds a review runs greatly increased risk of financial loss, if happily in this sheltered land, of nothing more, the first number of this periodical,<sup>1</sup> founded to promote the study of the history of the English Recusants, makes a brave show, and its appearance should be reckoned something of an event. The modesty of its dress in duplicated typescript, which is however of excellent quality, warns us that restrictive practices in industry and the heavy cost of printing and of paper may come, if unchecked, to have the same effects as a persecution of the press. *Biographical Studies* also seems to catch something of the air of the products of the numerous secret presses, which the names of the joint-editors, A. F. Allison and D. Rogers, must lead us to expect will often figure in its pages. From these young scholars, who have had the vision and courage to set this venture on foot, we hope to receive shortly a definitive catalogue of secretly printed Recusant literature to 1640, based not only on their examination of the great national libraries but on extensive field-work in private libraries scattered throughout the country. Both contribute to this first number, and the quality of their articles shows that they have already established themselves as the leading authorities in the difficult subject of early Recusant bibliography. Both the initial achievement and the high promise of their enterprise deserve much praise and a warm commendation to the practical support of readers of THE MONTH.

It would seem obvious that the patient, piecemeal work in the largely unexplored field contemplated by the founders of this review will in time make a contribution of great interest, not only to the general history of the Church, but to our national history. The English Recusants provide the first instance of a resistance movement formed to maintain an underground Church against the power of a highly organized modern State, and even when they lay inert and prostrate beneath the feet of Anglicans and Puritans, of men of the Court and of the Green Ribbon Club, of Tories and Whigs, they continued in play as a third force in the shaping of events. It was in discussion of Popery, sincere and insincere, informed or uninformed, that the English learnt in great measure to play the party game and to work the party system. We will be unable to understand our complete heritage as long as we give consideration merely to the upholders of royal

<sup>1</sup> *Biographical Studies*, 1534-1829 (Arundel Press, Bognor Regis. Annual Subscription, 8s 6d).

supremacy and of private revelation as champions of ordered liberty in the early modern age and neglect the defenders of the ancient faith.

A great expansion in our knowledge of English history was made in the era of peace and security which followed the death of the great Lingard, who, in the days of Catholic Emancipation, wrote the first authoritative survey of English history to 1688, and who died a century ago this year. There was, however, no corresponding advance in our knowledge of the English Recusants. Catholics who should have had a large interest in the work were absorbed in the process of reconstruction under the restored hierarchy, and had to wait for yet another half century for access to the Universities, where the historical method was being forged and sharpened. Although in Lingard the Catholic body produced from its own resources a master historian, who stood without a rival in his command of authorities, in his sure judgment and in his skill in constructing historical narrative, it also produced a writer who was the very antithesis of Lingard in Tierney. By putting interminable glosses to the already tendentious selection of material collected by Dodd for his *Church History*, Tierney threatened to perpetuate both a tradition of disunion and an historical legend as a compromising inheritance from a distressful past. In responsible quarters it was felt, at least vaguely, that internal disunion had in the past inflicted more damage on the Catholic cause than direct persecution; and consequently Tierney was discouraged from continuing his work beyond the fifth volume. There was a respite, therefore, at long last from domestic controversy, a respite such as Popes had endeavoured to impose in penal times and which had been frequently frustrated under the guise of historical writing. Since that time it has been maintained by a tacit agreement.

Great as may have been some of the advantages gained by this exercise of discretion within the Catholic community, it can hardly be doubted that the situation had also considerable disadvantages. It is in fact impossible to cut off a community from its history, and in any case it is never possible to restrain the curiosity of interested outside observers, who, if denied accurate knowledge, are liable to draw on legend and tradition.

As Recusant history has hitherto escaped investigation by critical methods, it is not surprising that it presents perhaps the only field where the historian of repute, Catholic or non-Catholic, may make any sort of judgment with impunity, even though it may be quite improbable, or unsupported by evidence, or even opposed to the evidence. One recent example may suffice. In 1948 there appeared a large painstaking biography of James II, which had the advantage of being written under the supervision of a leading authority on the period and of being based "entirely on original sources." Whilst



querying whether so large a book on such an unprepossessing subject could be really necessary, reviewers with one accord voted it definitive. In treating of the penal laws against Catholics the author not only asserts that there is no evidence that these laws were anything but a dead letter throughout the seventeenth century but commits himself to the statement: "nor is there any record that of the many priests who were known to the authorities to be in England during the reign of Charles II a single one was put to death merely for being a priest."<sup>1</sup> There are hundreds of documents in print and manuscript to show that in numerous instances the law against priests was a grim reality until Charles, after proroguing Parliament, dared to put in the Privy Council Register the order of June 4, 1679, that priests condemned for their priesthood were henceforth to be reprieved from death; but he did not dare to save the eight priests, condemned as such in the spring assizes, whose execution had been vehemently demanded by Parliament, and who were hanged, drawn and quartered in July and August of that year. Against none of these victims, two of whom were venerable men of about eighty years of age, was any evidence of guilt produced or alleged beyond testimony that they were priests. Like the first two Stuart kings, who were constrained to allow more than forty priests to be put to death on the scaffold, Charles II was called upon from 1675 to issue numerous reprieves to condemned priests. As long as massive facts like these go unknown or unregarded, it is vain to talk about definitive history of Stuart times. Perhaps the truly disconcerting discovery<sup>2</sup> made in 1950 by the authorities of the National Portrait Gallery about one of their most popular exhibits may also help to breed a healthy scepticism in our minds about the extent to which Whig historians have long ago put us in possession of the essential truth about this most static of tracts in English history. For nearly a century generations of visitors have stood before this portrait to contemplate the graces of pretty, witty Nell Gwynn, the favourite of Charles, whose taste for fine women was, of course, in such notorious contrast to that of his dull brother, whose mistresses according to one famous jest, fathered on Charles, might have been assigned to him by his confessors as a penance. It now appears that in this portrait of an undeniably pretty woman we are gazing on the image of Catherine Sedley, whose monumental ugliness is so celebrated in Whig literature.

It is to be hoped that *Biographical Studies* may play its part in dispelling much ignorance and legend about the role of Recusants in English history. To this end the times may well be thought propitious. Deprived of the sense of security and emancipated from the illusion of

<sup>1</sup> F. C. Turner: *James II* (London, 1948), p. 116.

<sup>2</sup> *Illustrated London News*, March 18, 1950.

progress we are able to-day to understand the nature of religious persecution, and to enter into the minds of oppressors and oppressed. We have acquired a keen and deep concern for freedom at its very springs. As we pass through our streets, we brush against fugitives and exiles from other lands. Daily we receive from Europe such news as Europe received from England in Tudor and Stuart times of the dread concomitants of persecution, of man-hunting in the night, of "bloody questions" sustained in long interrogations, bogus plots, staged trials, torture-chambers and executions. Stirred by such news to sympathy and fear, we comfort ourselves with the conviction that the spirit of freedom is not dead. Fearful as we are and must be of the extent to which determined groups of men may be able to condition the human mind to the acceptance of such beliefs as they may prescribe, we are bound to examine with a much more critical eye the resistance movement sustained by the English Recusants.

A good start is made in this first number of *Biographical Studies*. A. F. Allison opens with an article which determines the bibliography of Fr. Henry Garnet, establishing that this patient, large-hearted leader managed to set up in England two secret presses, and that he was the first man to introduce St. Teresa of Avila to the English public. D. Rogers writes a valuable article on the minor poet and dramatist, John Abbot, one of the Seven Priests, condemned to death in 1641 in a sensational trial, whose fate was bitterly disputed between the King and Parliament. The confusion about his biography found in the ordinary books of reference is here cleared up. There seems, however, to be an omission in his bibliography. The late C. A. Newdigate, who did so much useful pioneering in this field, attributes to him on good grounds, *The Sad Condition of a Distracted Kingdome expressed in the Fable of Philo the Jew* (London, 1645).

T. B. Trappes-Lomax sets out in firm outline the history of the penal station of Spetchley and of the Berkeleys, the family which maintained it. The kind of research embodied in this article is of the utmost value, as it is only by work of this nature that the underground Church will be mapped out and related to general history. The name of the first apostate chaplain, the Jesuit, appears to have been Aspinwall, not Aspinhall, and the information about him should be linked as a further contribution to a notice in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. There is also further information about him and his wife in Chester's *Westminster Abbey Registers*. Thomas Berkeley, the founder of the station, received a pass to go into exile on April 20, 1679, and the circumstances of the grant make it probable that he, like others in the procession, had harboured a Jesuit chaplain and had on this account been imprisoned.<sup>1</sup> The somewhat curious fact that the last Protestant

<sup>1</sup> *Cal. S. P. Dom*, 1679-80, p. 342.

lady of the manor, who became Gilbert Burnet's third wife, was brought back to be buried at Spetchley in his lifetime, might repay investigation.

E. E. Reynolds throws useful light on eighteenth-century Catholicism by his detailed study of the Mawhood family, and in a note identifies the house in which Bishop Challoner died as No. 44 Gloucester Street, which is still standing with little alteration. Presumably this review will prove very useful in correcting and supplementing the works of Gillow and Kirk, on the lines of the work done in the *Bulletin of the Institute of Historical Research* by the piecemeal correction of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. There is a promise of this useful development in notices by W. Vincent Smith correcting Kirk on the Leckonbys and E. Hawarden.

It is to be hoped that the editors will interpret their terms of reference very liberally, to include notices of spies, traitors, collaborators, apostates and persecutors. Religious persecution is an evil thing, productive of evil in the persecuted as well as in the persecutors. The heroism of those who resisted and even sometimes their very identity cannot be known with any security and clearness, if we are unable or unwilling to learn and mark down frankly all that we may discover about their weaker brethren. In no other field is it so clear that partial history is false history. It is sometimes thought that the great collector of material about the Recusants, Foley, was responsible for the omission of the failures in the list of the English College students, whereas permission to transcribe their names had been withheld on a decision of ecclesiastical authority, when the official copyists sent by the English Government to Rome first had access to the records. Had such a decision, taken doubtless from what Newman called "the perennial endemic fidget which possesses us of giving scandal," and much more the attitude behind it, not been reversed, the writing of Recusant history would have been impossible. Newman goes on: "... facts are omitted in great histories, or glosses are put upon memorable acts, because they are not thought edifying, whereas of all scandals such omissions, such glosses, are the greatest."

It would seem wholly impracticable to make a serious effort to estimate how justifiable and worthy of praise was the resistance of the main body of the English Recusants to persecution, unless an attempt is also made to reach a dispassionate judgment as to the extent to which the activity of the Appellant party and its sympathizers in the seventeenth century was founded on truth and justice; and to estimate how much this activity encouraged the persecutors to persevere in a double attack—direct persecution from without and disruption of the Recusant body from within. It is to be hoped that the appearance of this new periodical is a sign and promise that this effort

will be made. It is a task which will call for great integrity, courage and patience, but it is one which must be undertaken if ever a famous prophecy made on the scaffold is to be fulfilled beyond all cavil: "God lives, posterity will live, their judgment is not so liable to corruption as that of those who now condemn us to death."

BASIL FITZGIBBON

## REVIEWS

### KEYNES OF KING'S

*The Life of John Maynard Keynes*, by R. F. Harrod (Macmillan 25s).

THE economists will continue writing about Keynes till civilization quits this earth. His greatness, originality and multiform character will spring to noble memory and record.

The book is magnificent—but it is a heavy monument, a pyramid, not a blazing funeral pyre. The real memorial would have been a brilliant, poignant essay by his friend Lytton Strachey, for Keynes was also a master of letters. No one understood him better than the perfect wife, who danced into his life, and none appreciated him better than his beloved college of King's. He was *the* Kingsman, as Jowett was Balliol and Macaulay Trinity, Cambridge and Mahaffy Trinity, Dublin in their time.

Economists, politicians, would-be saviours of unhappy humanity today! take your fill of this book and learn that there is a statesmanship above politics and that no one followed Our Lord more sincerely (without being a professed Christian) than John Maynard Keynes when he indignantly demanded pity for the broken and defeated: and sought to feed the hungry by his brave and fearless planning. He had compassion for the multitude.

The painstaking author could not write convincingly of "Eton at the turn of the century or of high intellectual society at Cambridge." He has only succeeded where the wedded Lopokova could inspire him, for she inspired the splendid man whose genius flowered under her love.

My reminiscences must be personal. I was at King's when it was intellectual bliss to be alive, when there walked with us Rupert Brooke, John Keynes and twenty others full of zeal, agnosticism, artistic yearnings or Christian vocations. Who will ever describe those wonderful years when Lowes Dickinson, Montague James, Oscar Browning, Nathaniel Wedd, Walter Headlam, Professor Pigou and another score were Fellows of King's?

We believed that King's should rule the Empire, that Balliol had frittered away. What was a shoddy Imperialism: to our guided and inspired Socialism (to which some of us added the word Christian)? But that was not the great inward struggle at King's between 1902 and 1908. It was the strife of young men for agnosticism or the Christ. It left the College frankly agnostic with Keynes and his friends triumphant. The College Mission was dechristianized after a momentous meeting in Hall when the Provost stalked solemnly out. No Christian had a chance for a fellowship and the College lost a splendid array of men, including Edghill (greatest theologian of his generation, who died as young and defiant as Hurrell Froude had died at Newman's side during the Oxford Movement). There were future Deans like Malden of Wells, Selwyn of Winchester, and Milner-White of York. There were High Churchmen like Sir Will Spens (Master of Corpus) and Sir Stephen Gaselee (Fellow of Magdalene). There was the present Prior of Downside. But King's would not give one fellowship amongst them unless for the chapel servitude of a chaplain. It is a long time ago, and only the venerable Provost Sheppard survives—mellowed and medieval—or, as Keynes confessed, ecclesiastical compared to his intellectual youth.

Greatest of the Christian protagonists was John Capron, who has only a slight paragraph. He was immersed in psychical research and ritualism at the time. As a result he met what the High Churchmen considered blasphemy by exorcism, which on a momentous occasion fell upon Keynes, Capron's old Eton friend. No need to describe that Keynes was magnanimous even in those days and recognized there was another side, and of all who came to scoff he alone remained to pray—during that one night at least.

The Catholics of England can take some credit for the emergence of the Keynes family. They clung to the faith through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and even bred distinguished Jesuits.

Fr. John Keynes was a Professor of Logic at Liège. The fidelity of the family led to economical consequences and the final loss of their estates. As Recusants the Keynes fell upon hard times. Broken as gentry they found refuge in the middle-class stock of England. It was owing to the once Catholic foundation of Henry VI at St. Mary's of Eton that the most distinguished in modern times found his first rungs on the ladder.

Fr. John Keynes, S.J., wrote *A Rational Way to Convince without Dispute*. He was Jesuit Superior in London during the Titus Oates days. Later he became Provincial in the reign of James II. It would have been a wonderful passage in English literature had a Maynard Keynes been confronted by Titus Oates in a secret session of Council.



The biographer tells of the Eton days:

Maynard was not blind to true merit. Those who remember the beautiful sermons of Robert Hugh Benson, later converted to the Church of Rome, will recognize Maynard's discrimination . . .

[a letter to his father] Last Sunday we had an extremely good sermon from Benson's youngest brother. He is a real orator. He had joined some brotherhood in which one gives up one's earthly possessions and goes about preaching. I thought that he would preach well as soon as I saw that he had not brushed his hair!

By the time Keynes was involved in religious disputes at King's, Benson had arrived at Cambridge in the first flush of his priesthood. He became the intense friend of Capron and others, and the struggle never abated. Capron writes from memory in a private letter:

Talking of King's and Keynes, as a result I got Bishop of London Winnington Ingram to come up and talk (very ineffectively); Ernest Edghill was drawn into it, so was Father Hugh Benson, Father Wood. King's was full of vindictive agnosticism at that time.

Some other writer will one day draw the real Eton and King's backgrounds, so intense and individual and different from these days. We believed that

England yet shall stand beside our College gate  
And Selwyn guide the Church and Maynard stamp the State.

At Eton Keynes read papers on Abelard, Medieval Latin poetry and St. Bernard. At King's he gave up classics for mathematics which he used as a pedestal to economics. But the dismal science never claimed him. It was Keynes who claimed political economy, and rent it to pieces to rewrite and refashion the whole method and to vision horizons hidden from the writers of text-books and makers of Treaties.

But he was also an artist, a collector of old English books, a patron of drama and the ballet. He built a theatre for Cambridge and married a gracious ballerina. He was as far from being a "remote and ineffectual don" as could be possible. He wrote a splendid English prose and could speak in the councils of the nations. He was the only Englishman during both wars who really impressed America. After the first war he warned Washington with scintillating satire of the faults of the Versailles Treaty. When they found they had been mocked by the ignoble statesmen boasting the cloaks of princes of peace, they arose and destroyed President Wilson and all his works. Their war-cry was Keynes' *Economic Consequences of the Treaty*.

In the second war he counselled, he argued, he proved and persuaded.

Whatever relief has come by loan from America has come through Keynes.

He was a great gambler. He lost and made thousands. His first great book was on Probability and with it he won his fellowship. He then turned his theories to the Stock Exchange and Monte Carlo. He had his good and his bad luck. He lost often, but he made half a million. England had her share of good luck when Keynes narrowly missed sharing the fate of Kitchener in the *Hampshire*.

He also could be remembered as a "K. of K." who had served and tried to save England. The story was current that he was asked if he had made Britain the forty-ninth state of the United States, and told a reporter: "No such luck!" He fought evil in very high places. "For Keynes the supreme enemy was the use of power for unworthy or irrelevant or trivial motions, to frustrate an opportunity for improving the lot of man."

That was why he fought Lloyd George and called aloud for the sake of Europe. He saw the continent financially as the great Popes saw Christendom.

His dealings with Melchior, the chief German delegate, are concentrated in one epigram not told in his memorable essay about him:

Melchior was being particularly obstinate, no doubt under instructions. "If you go on like that, Melchior," Keynes said, "we shall think you are as difficult as an ally." The rage of his French colleagues may be imagined.

So many backgrounds, scenes and characters have been missed (how should an economist scribe know better?) that the book seems slowly to rise out of a dusty morass till Keynes himself is describing the Versailles Conference and sketching Wilson and Clemenceau and Lloyd George as Suetonius and Gibbon could not have achieved together. A private letter runs:

Our most bitter disappointment was the collapse of my grand scheme for putting everyone on their legs. . . . They had a chance of taking a large or at least a humane view of the world but unhesitatingly refused it.

He made his final protest "against murdering Vienna."

Be it remembered he called on Wilson in his book to cast off his paralysis, "make the Sign of the Cross, and with a sound of thunder the magicians would dissolve and Europe leap to his arms."

Afterwards he wrought against all the evils which are upon us: "to cure the great social evils of unemployment and poverty without having to endure the oppressive alternative of state socialism."

He worked out his new theory, casting aside Karl Marx like stinking old clothes: but he was no prophet in his own country until one by one his worst surmises became facts and the country he had worked so hard to save began to sink.

It could have been written of him at one time, as it was written of Kitchener, that he served and saved England. But he fell between the two stools of selfish statecraft: between Washington and Westminster. The world knows better than England how great was England's loss and, if this book is studied hard, the reader will grind out the facts, mostly grim. The biographer is often lost and drowns his reader in his sea of materials. He no doubt knows more about Keynes than any man living:

No one in our age was cleverer than Keynes nor made less attempt to conceal it. He would not abate one jot of his convictions to curry favour and had the audacity to change them in the light of experience.

He was great, humane, and a lord of language as well as a patron of art. He was a Medici as well as a Machiavelli, but a moderating one. He could very well have been trusted with the fortunes of this country. He could have wielded a benevolent dictatorship. He could have made Socialism a success and settled the Education question for the Churches as fairly as Solomon.

Mr. Harrod asks, "Did you once see Shelley plain?" His reviewer can say he did long ago both on the Eton River and in the courts of King's. It was his privilege to represent Mr. Churchill at Keynes' memorial service in King's Chapel. There was another man, who like Keynes, could say he had striven to serve and save England. But England is obstinate unto her doom, and her prophets must return by mental crucifixion to the God who sent them.

SHANE LESLIE

### THE BELIEFS OF BISHOP HENSON

*Letters of Herbert Hensley Henson*, chosen and edited by E. F. Braley (S.P.C.K. 1955).

ON December 11, 1917, the Press contained the announcement of Mr. Lloyd George's nomination of Herbert Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham, to the See of Hereford, rendered vacant by the retirement of Bishop Percival. On January 3rd Bishop Gore addressed a protest to Archbishop Davidson on the subject of the impending consecration, alleging that passages in the Dean's published works indicated that he held opinions which were unsound on the subjects of Our Lord's Virgin Birth and Resurrection. On the 16th the Primate had a long talk with the Bishop designate, who made the

following admission: "I repeat and accept the words of the Creed *ex animo*. I use them without any sense of incongruity, and with no desire to change them," adding, "I have never seen any satisfying alternative to the dogma of the Virgin Birth." To many, such a declaration will sound ambiguous, but it satisfied Bishop Gore, who withdrew his opposition to the consecration. After less than three years at Hereford Hensley Henson was translated to Durham, fourth in rank among the Sees of the Anglican Hierarchy. Here he remained for nearly twenty years. He was considered a highly successful Bishop and acquired the reputation of having become "an orthodox Christian." In the light of this belief it is interesting to read a letter to the Dean of Winchester written two months before Dr. Hensley Henson's death, in which he says that belief in the Virgin Birth should not be regarded as more than "a pious opinion" though one which he himself did not personally hold. He believed that "the exemplary character of Christ's Life" was jeopardized by the dogma of the Virgin Birth. Henson's theological development had not, as was believed, been in an orthodox direction.

The letter is instructive; for it shows how little Anglicans know of the beliefs of their own leaders till they are dead. Hensley Henson was certainly one of the greater Anglican Bishops of the last generation, though he will probably have left no permanent influence on the Anglican Church. Regarded in turn as a high churchman, as a modernist, and as a man of sound and moderate views, he was not identified for a sufficient length of time with any one party to do this. To anyone but himself he must have seemed as a man who revelled in controversy, though Canon Braley tells us that Hensley Henson indignantly repudiated this notion, affirming that what others called a love of controversy was no more than a temperamental dislike of unreality.

This apologia will carry but little conviction. Yet had Hensley Henson made more attempts to understand the points of view of those who were in disagreement with him, his claims to greatness would not have been lessened. He conveys the impression of regarding as either knaves or fools those who oppose him on serious issues. His attitude towards the Church of Rome contains an element of paradox. He theoretically regarded its claims as unworthy of the attention not only of a scholar but of any serious mind. "The record of the Papacy is sufficient disproof of the Papal claim," he wrote in the last months of his life. In this adverse judgment he reiterates a conclusion he had arrived at half a century earlier. Yet instead of putting the Church of Rome out of his thoughts he appears to have allowed it throughout his life to become a chronic source of mental irritation. The spread of "ecclesiasticism" in the Church of England touched him, of course, more nearly, and he was vehement in his denunciations of the appoint-

ment to the See of London of Bishop Winnington-Ingram, whom he dubs "the apostle of obscurantism, and the mainstay of the ecclesiastical self-assertion," though allowing that he was sincere. By far the most interesting of the letters printed in this book are those in which are brought out the writer's growing dissatisfaction with the so-called "Modernist" party of which he himself had been the chief hope on the episcopal bench.

Hensley Henson rejected the traditional Christian idea of revelation and held that it was for critical scholars to determine the extent of the factual basis on which historic Christianity reposed. When the higher criticism had decided how much of the Gospel narrative was credible, then only could theologians get to work. Here the Bishop was in full accord with the "Modernists." But he rejected the view that the union between Christ and the Father was something exceptional, only in degree not in kind, and in 1934 we find him "very greatly perturbed by the kind of Modernism" which was represented by the *Modern Churchman*. Among individual Modernist leaders he regarded Hastings Rashdall as "essentially orthodox." Of Dr. W. R. Inge he began by being a warm admirer, considering him to be the only clergyman capable of answering Bernard Shaw. Admiration, however, changed to disappointment and in 1943 the Bishop wrote, "Inge expresses himself as a gnostic, rather than a Christian. . . ." The opinions of the Bishop of Birmingham distressed Hensley Henson greatly and in a letter to the Dean of St. Paul's, written on the day of his death, he described them as "really scandalous," adding that "his whole method and outlook" were "painfully anti-Christian." The writer of these letters asserts that he regarded Our Lord as in some sense a "Redeemer," but in what sense is not made clear. He thinks that at the Reformation English Protestants would have done better to have retained the crucifix, as did the Lutherans, rather than to have discarded it.

On a minor issue Hensley Henson showed himself humorously prophetic. Commenting in 1946 on the appointment of the present Dean of Westminster he notes that he is a Scot, which provokes him to say, "I think that the normal oaths taken by the Dean at his installation ought in this case to include one pledging the Dean neither *per se* nor *per alios* to cause the Stone of Scone to be transferred to Scotland, from which that admirable Englishman, the late King Edward I, so properly transferred it to Westminster."

HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON



## OVER-CROWDING ON HELICON

*The Blessed Pastures*, by Wilfred Rowland Childe (Lotus Press 2s).

*White Temple by the Sea*, by Joseph Chiari (Moray Press 7s 6d).

*My Tongue is my Own*, by Thomas Fassam (Hand and Flower Press 8s 6d).

*Selected Poems*, by Paul Falvury (Coldwell 6s).

*Poems from the Mountain-House*, by Raymond Garlick (Fortune Press 5s).

*This Insubstantial Pageant*, by Monk Gibbon (Phoenix House 10s 6d).

*Wentworth's Place and Other Poems*, by Robert Gittings (Heinemann 8s 6d).

*Poems*, by Father Andrew (Mowbray 5s).

*May*, by Karel Hynek Mácha. Translated by H. H. McGovern (Phoenix Press 8s 6d).

*Arabic-Andalusian Casidas*. Translated by Harold Morland (Phoenix Press 5s).

*I the I*, by Patricia Villiers-Stuart (Fortune Press 6s).

*The Crown and the Fable*, by Hugo Manning (Gaberbochus Press 6s).

*Flowering Cactus, Poems 1942-49*, by Michael Hamburger (Hand and Flower Press 6s 6d).

*Reservations*, by Valentin Iremonger (Macmillan 6s).

FACED with the problem of noticing fourteen books of recent but diverse poetry in so short a space, the reviewer needs first of all to take out an insurance policy: any one of the poets whom he is obliged to dismiss in a few—perhaps in a few unkindly—words, may later turn out to be an important writer. Which having been said, the reviewer has to add that very few of the present books show any such promise.

The reviewer is further embarrassed by noticing that Mr. Manning's publishers have quoted on the dust-cover an extract from a review of an earlier volume printed in this journal which, if read in its context, would be seen to have a very different significance. And even more embarrassed by Mr. Falvury's device of printing extracts from his good reviews in the front of his book and from his bad reviews in the back. Mr. Falvury then remarks rather pointedly that the latter "run diametrically opposite to those of Alice Meynell," and concludes by quoting a letter which he wrote to the *Rosary*: "(I regard) the verdicts of contemporary critics as entirely subordinate considerations. Discrimination and originality of judgment are, I think, more readily found among readers than among critics; the majority of the latter naturally show respect for established poetry and reserve their shafts for what is unfamiliar . . ." As a "creative" writer, I agree that no unfavourable review should be allowed to turn one's spring into

winter; as a critic—and, more important, as a reader—I resent the browbeating of critics in the back pages of a volume of verse.

First, for convenience's sake, we may consider the volumes which are not discernibly "modern." They are the greater number. Mr. Childe's little book contains religious verse of an orthodox ecstasy and (unless one objects to the frequent poeticisms: "darkling," "aëry bliss," "adoring seraphs," "I'the," etc.) it achieves its purpose. Mr. Chiari is a Corsican whose work has been praised by Pierre Emmanuel and Edwin Muir; his command of the English language is impressive, but one could wish that his grasp of English rhythms were more sustained: as it is, his lines tend to pile up, one against the other. Mr. Fassam is most successful, I think, when he restrains his gestures towards modernity. His work is uneven, but "Death of a Lion" is an excellent piece of work, and perhaps the most attractive single poem in the collections under review.

We gather from the essay on "Poetic Art" included in *Selected Poems* that Mr. Falvury is a die-hard: he even finds Robert Bridges too "modernistic" for his tastes. The latter are revealed plainly enough (and having been warned off, I refrain from comment):

I'd rather live, in rustic gown,  
the village life of olden days  
than dwell within the modern town  
where "progress" reigns—and calm decays.

Mr. Garlick's verse (again predominantly religious) is much less belligerently anti-modern: a preoccupation with alliteration suggests, indeed, the influence of Hopkins; his occasionally touching descriptions—"formal ferns put out their little tongues"—are far superior to his moralizing.

Mr. Gibbon, too, likes poetry to be poetic—

More and more, poets grow  
Less and less like their task. . . .

"I am from Ireland": the atmosphere in which he has worked is reflected in his subjects and admirations—Yeats, A.E., Synge. The influence of the latter, disconcertingly mixed with that of George Moore, appears in a number of prose poems which could with advantage have been omitted. But he wins our respect as a serious craftsman, in an older style than that of today.

Mr. Gittings specializes in gently discursive (often narrative) verse which too often only hovers on the brink of coming alive—exceptions are the very pleasant lyrics, "The Greek Theatre, Taormina," "Miranda" and "Autumn"; the latter begins,

Autumn, a redskin, hatchet in hand,  
 Stands in the clearing with smokeblue feather . . .

What is rather alarming about the mass of the religious verse in these collections is the underlying suggestion that "real" religious poetry can only be written by posing as George Herbert heavily disguised in the showy robes of mid-eighteenth-century poetic diction. It is therefore something of a relief to turn to the simple devotional verse of Father Andrew (Henry Ernest Hardy), written, he has said, "in the attitude of prayer." Father Andrew, if evidently in no way an original poet, was obviously a man of clear and innocent feelings.

The two volumes from the Phoenix Press, one very large and the other very small, are both translations. Karel Hynek Mácha is, we are told, "the greatest of the Czech Romantic poets and the most notable poet of the Czech Revival." One is forced to remark that either the present translation, which is turgid with poeticisms and reads like a parody of everything bad, hysterical and pretentious in Byronic romanticism, is entirely misleading or else Mácha does not deserve translation. The *casidas*, short and lazy and bright poems ranging from the tenth to the thirteenth century, are much more, and immediately, attractive. "Dawn" (eleventh century) is typical of their kind of "imagism":

The wing of the dark withdrawn  
 From the sleeping dawn  
 Is like a crow that flies away  
 Revealing now her white  
 And hidden eggs of light.

Turning to the "modern" poets, with whom clear and innocent feelings are often at a discount, the reviewer admits that it is mainly on the strength of her title (and of her taste for lines of two words) that he placed Miss Villiers-Stuart in this category. Her verse is full of strong emotion. It should perhaps be chanted; not, at any rate, printed.

Our three remaining volumes carry us less equivocally into the modern poetic landscape. It is difficult to describe the subject of Mr. Manning's poetic sequence as anything less ambitious and less vague than "Man." Given such an intention, the influences of later Eliot and of Pound's *Cantos* may well be difficult to control, but Mr. Manning's talent is more convincing where he is less complex (for instance, in the ninth section). What disturbs us is that inflation of language and metaphor unhappily characteristic of much contemporary writing; phrases like "the wild wives of ruin," "the skull of faith whines in foothill and valley" and "this banquet of horror . . . With wine of

tears and disaster's bread," are much too common. If he tried to say less, if he would cease bullying the reader into impressed admiration, Mr. Manning would say it more movingly and much more precisely.

Mr. Hamburger possesses a lighter touch. "Faustus Again" (which in other contemporary hands could have been deplorable) is clear and lively, and one wonders if perhaps the corresponding monologues in Goethe have taught him that profundity is not a question of immense gestures or liturgical intonation. This middle style, neither intense nor casual, is a healthy vehicle, and flexible enough. One is occasionally pained by the current smartness of phrases like "fag-ends dropped by God"; but one admires Mr. Hamburger's avoidance of the deadly abstraction: "The Zoo at Schönbrunn" ("the lion licks his dwindled waist") is full of very real animals, and the obvious sorts of pathos and indignation released by "Displaced Persons' Camp" are held in check by the catalogue of bartered goods, "old boots, tinned meat, coffee, gold coins, tobacco, opium."

Mr. Iremonger is a "personal" poet in the sense that "I" is continually present in his work; not, at the moment, oppressively so, for a sense of humour enables him to laugh at himself and to make pleasant verse out of the barking of dogs or the loss of a toy—

Somebody, when I was young, stole my toy horse,  
The charm of my morning romps, my man's delight . . .  
. . . I found him, playing in his garden

With my toy horse, urgent in the battle  
Against the enemies of his Unreason's land:  
He was so happy, I gave him also  
My vivid coloured crayons and my big glass marble.

Most of these poems are in a neutral, conversational tone, sometimes angry or wry, while the rhythms are often attractively vigorous. None of the usual influences is too easily detected, and one has the impression (a rare one) that the writer really is working towards a style of his own. What most obviously will have to be achieved, eventually, is a greater impersonality and a lesser facility. If Mr. Hamburger's book is the most successful in this present batch, Mr. Iremonger's is perhaps the most promising.

Whatever the standard of their contents, the standard of production of most of these books deserves a word of praise. Those from Phoenix House, Gaberbocchus Press and Hand and Flower Press are particularly handsome, and the Phoenix Press *May* is pleasing in the French style. The Heinemann and (especially) Macmillan productions, on the other hand, are not at all what we expect from these houses.

D. J. ENRIGHT

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAW

*Natural Law*, by A. P. d'Entrèves (Hutchinson 7s 6d).

THIS is a book rich in ideas, written with great breadth of learning in admirably lucid and pungent English. It is a work of discussion, not primarily of exposition, and as such is loosely constructed. Rejecting both the purely historical and the purely philosophical approaches, Professor d'Entrèves directs our attention to the "function of natural law rather than the doctrine itself." This consideration of function gives unity to the first three chapters.

He rightly insists that the *ius naturale* of the Roman lawyers had little to do with legal philosophy, and in particular that there was no idea of its overriding the positive law, of its being the basis of any "rights of man." Its function was that of interpretation, of finding the "rule corresponding to the nature of things." *Ius naturale* thus contributed to the completeness and harmony which gave Roman Law its great influence and in turn ensured the survival of the idea of a natural law. (One may remark that Professor d'Entrèves is perhaps over-tolerant, particularly in discussing St. Thomas, of the most unfortunate but regrettably persistent of the Roman definitions, Ulpian's "what nature taught all animals"; it causes confusion in Justinian's Institutes and is unhappy in St. Thomas, as it could not fail to be, being a proposition of "is" and not of "ought.")

In its survival, however, the *ius naturale*, and therefore its function, were transformed. St. Thomas' acceptance of Aristotle's theory of the state was made possible by his finding in the Natural Law, conceived of as the participation of rational creatures in the Eternal Law, the foundation of a natural system of ethics. A necessary consequence was the subordination of Human Law to this paramount standard. Professor d'Entrèves stops short of the modern revival of natural law, but he is apparently not in sympathy with the attempts of Thomists such as Maritain to find in St. Thomas a system of human rights. The emphasis, he says, is on the duty of the state, not the rights of the individual, natural law, not natural rights. This is true, but, as he says later, the two meanings of *ius* are correlative, right always presupposing law. Surely it is only a matter of emphasis, and the emphasis cannot be the same after the emergence of the Renaissance state as before.

The function of social contract theories is found in the provision of the only possible basis for social and political institutions once the reason of man is made the ultimate standard of values.

The last three chapters range more widely and it is impossible in a short review to do them justice. Professor d'Entrèves first discusses the central problem of the essence of law, *ius quia iustum* or *ius quia iussum*, and then the no less important but more often shirked question



of the relation between law and morals. Finally he considers the challenge of modern legal positivism and Kelsen's "pure theory," which leaves us with the "dilemma of either blind force or blind faith." In fine, "natural law is an assertion that law is a part of ethics" and its essential function is that of "mediating between the moralsphere and the sphere of law proper. . . . It provides a name for the point of intersection between law and morals."

If, in spite of its many excellences, one lays down the book slightly unsatisfied, one's criticism is of its scope, and that is not a fair criticism of a book of 120 pages. As the author well puts it, "legal and political philosophy are nothing else than natural law writ large," but in so far as the two are separable, he confines himself to the more abstract sphere of legal philosophy, to the idea of natural law rather than its content. He can thus begin by disclaiming any axe to grind in favour of any one notion of natural law, and yet lead us to the conclusion that an acceptance of "natural law" is the only alternative to the inconsistencies of legal positivism. Perhaps he will later give us the other half of the picture.

BARRY NICHOLAS

#### CARDINAL FERMOYLE

*The Cardinal*, by Henry Morton Robinson (MacDonald 12s 6d).

THIS is the story of a young priest, Stephen Fermoye, born of very humble parentage (the description of his home and family is perfect), trained in Rome, and sent back to be a curate in "Medford," not far from Boston. The chapters about his first period in the presbytery make one ask whether there really are parish priests like Fr. Monaghan (nicknamed "Dollar Bill"), so unfailingly inconsiderate, sarcastic and bad-mannered. Cardinal Glennon, too, begins very objectionably, but ends "converted." Having had the misfortune to translate a mystical book by an Italian professor, Fr. Fermoye is sent away to a quite appalling parish, inhabited chiefly by French-Canadians who have sunk into near barbarism. The aged priest, Fr. Halley, is something of a *Curé d'Ars* without his magnetism. He was a schoolmate of Cardinal Glennon's who, summoned to the poor priest's death-bed, is so astounded by the apostolic efficiency of Fr. Fermoye that he executes a *volte-face* and makes him his secretary. There is sufficient matter already for a complete book, somewhat in the style of Mr. Bruce Marshall, but neither so devastating, nor so light of touch, nor, perhaps, so spiritual. A long-standing feud between the Italo-American Sons of Assisi, a blasphemous crowd, and the Cardinal, is healed by Fr. Fermoye's heroic rescue of an Italian trapped in a sewer. There is

a long tragically well-written episode about the priest's young sister Mona, who has got caught by an abortionist-*procureur* and who dies in childbirth, though Fermoyle and his brother rescue her too. From now on, the book becomes all too episodic: the author tries to pack in all he can as from the election of Pius XI to that of Pius XII and indeed beyond it. We found the whole section about Fr. Fermoyle's introduction to Roman Black (and very gilt) society rather journalistic. When he gets home he goes from ecclesiastical strength to strength (not but what he courageously goes on a tour of inspection through incredibly uncivilized parts of the States, is seized and scourged by a quasi-Ku-Klux-Klan, thrown into a ditch whence an admirably drawn Good Samaritan rescues him), and becomes bishop and in the end a Cardinal. The author shows he is familiar with the Church's "machinery"—especially when an Apostolic Delegate arrives, and disguises nothing of the sordid financial methods that may be used, as when matey millionaires pull strings for clerics whom they like—"that is how things are done." He lifts good stories from where he finds them: he has an episode about pseudo-miracles, and about an inter-denominational reunion, about musical prodigies, journalism, Mussolini and White House politics. You end by feeling that this is something of a *plaidoyer* in favour of a better understanding of the States by Rome: we are faintly reminded of *Hadrian VII* in this Roman element, but none of Corvo's incredible vanity. The international threads are woven with no little impartiality: perhaps the last chapter is meant to correct the rather lopsided pages of the first. But we cannot resist the feeling that even Cardinal Fermoyle is rather carried away by success and power: it needs the open sea to remind him of his servanthood. The day of the grand prelate is after all over, if ever it should have dawned.

C. C. MARTINDALE

## SHORTER NOTICES

*Portrait of Léon Bloy*, by E. T. Dubois (Sheed and Ward 7s 6d).

NO one is likely to deny that Léon Bloy was a violently disconcerting man; but all are beginning to recognize a most pure flame along with the smoke and scoriae from his volcanic soul. He has been compared with Tertullian: I should recall more readily St. Columbanus or St. Peter Damian. . . . Among moderns (he died only in 1917) probably he is akin to Bernanos. The conversion of Maritain and his wife and of several others was due to Bloy. I repeat, the pure fire shone like a revelation across the slag-heaps; and we cannot but suppose that the horrors of human injustice, cruelty and mendacity are so hidden

from the eyes of most men because they simply could not bear to see them. Those who can bear to see them either go off their heads or explode as Bloy did. Thus we can (though with difficulty) forgive his quarrelsomeness, his cult of poverty which made him furious if his friends did not, quite simply, finance his entire existence, his frenzied belief in the Messianic vocation of France, his vituperation of his fellow-Catholic writers and of the clergy, higher or lower; his devotion, not indeed to Our Lady of La Salette, but to the poor little neurotic Mélanie and to her prophecies, the reading of which was forbidden to priests themselves under pain of suspension. This book at any rate gives a calm description of Léon Bloy, and does not profess to solve the enigmas he presents.

*Ezra Pound*: A collection of essays edited by Peter Russell to be presented to Ezra Pound on his sixty-fifth birthday (Peter Nevill 12s 6d).

IN a cosmopolitan age, questioning its spiritual values, bewildered by accumulated and ever-increasing knowledge, continually looking back to the past to discover to what extent it has betrayed its heritage, it was natural that an attempt should have been made to graft history, the history of all ages and all traditions, on to poetry. And it was natural, too, that Americans, tired of playing in their empty city lots, should have turned with enthusiasm to the crowded toy-shops of Europe and lyrically paraded the treasures of our past. Ezra Pound and his pupil T. S. Eliot were the pioneers of this new form of poetry, which tuned tattered, meaningless myths, the survivors of wrecked civilizations, to the sighs and regrets of a retrospective age. It requires genius of a high order to fuse a profound knowledge of classical and renaissance culture, Chinese philosophy and the domestic history of the United States into an imaginative whole capable of being communicated to readers who may not share the author's erudition. Ezra Pound in the *Cantos* makes his Odyssey, but without an Ithaca: the tendency to disintegration, to a Byzantine enumeration is dominant. But a poet who dares to write an epic work in an unheroic age is already beyond criticism. The essays in this volume are of a high standard and throw light on the problems which faced Ezra Pound, and which he has helped every later poet to solve.

*The Passionate Shepherd*, by Clare Simon (Collins 9s 6d).

THIS novel was, we read, written between Miss Simon's seventeenth and eighteenth birthdays, which explains much but does not excuse it. The story is related in the first person but placed in the mouth of a

young man, unnecessarily and unsuccessfully, for he is not very easily distinguishable from his sister: both use the same clever dialect. The theme is, the breaking of his vows by a priest with a possessive woman, whom after a while he marries. Unluckily we cannot believe in the priest: so flabby a youth would never have got through his seminary, let alone be placed in sole charge of a small-town parish: he is neither a shepherd nor passionate. On the last page, he climbs a tree during an air-raid to absolve a dying German parachutist, thereby recognizing again, says the jacket, "the nature and claims of his priesthood." We are not told what happens to him afterwards. The book appears to us to be written in unflinching bad taste.

*Fire*, by George R. Stewart (Gollancz 10s 6d).

THIS, in a sense, is nothing but a long story about the fighting of a forest fire in California. The author knows his subject: you are quite sure that every word he chooses is the right one. A great many personages are involved (beginning with the girl perched high on a mountain-crest to keep a look-out for unwarranted smokes), and they never get confused: their characters are not extraordinary but are clean-cut: you see alike the courage of most, and the panic of a few. And how sympathetic the author is with small animals—the squirrel and the rabbit, for instance: and as for the descriptions, one can only say that they are superb. All the reds and roses discernible in fire are discerned. Besides, the author has many side-lines of knowledge: we had never adverted to the number of English place-names connected with burning, from Cumberland to Kent. They go back to the days when England too was a land of forests, and of forest fires. It is long since we have taken so pure an artistic yet humane a delight in a book that eschews the merely romantic.

*The End of the Corridor*, by Michael Meyer (Collins 9s 6d).

THIS is a study of childhood and adolescence, divided into a Paradise, a Purgatorio and an Inferno, though all of them seem like a rather colourless Limbo. The child Adrian is brought up in the guardianship of a self-centred young bachelor and by an elderly Nanny. Paradise ends on p. 81, childhood having been "unlyrical and constrained . . . for which he felt neither love nor hatred." Purgatory, at his schools, was (up to p. 141) equally devoid of happiness and therefore of misery. Then he began to "come alive" and to "wake up." We are nearly prepared to admit that anything can be thought or spoken by anyone sometime or other; but the introspection and enormous conversations towards the end of the book we find it

impossible to agree to. The author-guardian loses sight of his charge once the "corridor" of school is over, and himself sees life as "a bad scholar's thesis, full of digressions and blind alleys, its threads untied and hanging loose." Not an exhilarating book.

*Sciences Ecclésiastiques*, Volume III (Montreal, Les Éditions de L'Immaculée Conception).

THE third number of this annual, published by the theological and philosophical faculties of the Society of Jesus at Montreal, maintains the high standard set by the first two issues. The present volume contains articles on Ignatian indifference by R. Cantin, on the sacrifice of Christ by F. Bourassa, and on the *Lumen Glorise* by J. Paquin. Among other noteworthy contributions there is a long notice of Fr. M. C. D'Arcy's *Mind and Heart of Love*, contributed by J. P. Dallaire.

*Geschichte der Philosophie*, Band I *Altertum und Mittelalter*, by Johannes Hirschberger (Verlag Herder Freiburg DM 18).

THIS is the first of two volumes on the history of philosophy. It comprises Greek philosophy and the Christian philosophy of the patristic and medieval periods, up to and including the thought of Nicholas of Cusa. The second volume will treat of modern and present-day philosophy. The history, which is designed to serve as a text-book for students and as a help for academic lectures, should serve its purpose admirably. It is schematic and compact enough for a "handbook"; but it is also full enough to be of real use to the reader who is not following a regular course of lectures (the first volume contains 476 pages, in addition to the Foreword and Table of Contents). The author, Dr. Hirschberger, writes from the standpoint of a Catholic philosopher, and he is clearly well acquainted with recent literature on his subject. It is always possible, of course, for a reviewer to find some point of disagreement in a book of this kind; and it is perhaps regrettable that more space was not devoted to the philosophy of the late Middle Ages. But the work is undoubtedly a good one; and the two volumes together will provide the German-speaking student, or the student who reads German easily, with a sound and useful instrument. But in any future edition the rather strange statement that Nicholas of Autrecourt disputed or denied the principle of contradiction might well be changed. According to Nicholas, those, and only those, propositions are certain which are reducible, immediately or mediately, to the principle of contradiction (or, if preferred, non-contradiction).



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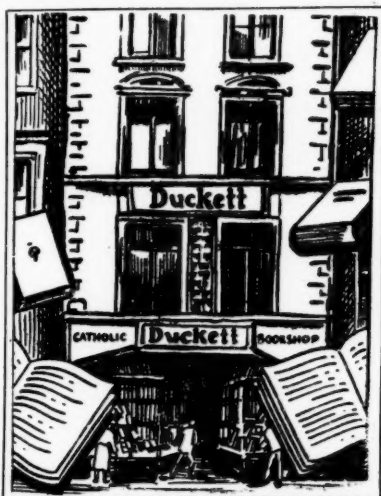
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